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4/6. Vol 1/12

Cumt^d 8' 67



BRANTHWAITE HALL,

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

BY

WILLIAM HETHERINGTON,

COCKERMOUTH.

Carlisle:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY CHARLES THURNAM.

MDCCCXXXVII.

*Gough Adds Cumberland,
8th 67.*

DEDICATION.

A PATRON and dedication seem to be required—and, too often, by simulation—to introduce a work like the present, where imagination and fancy predominate.

Some of the rhyming family have chosen names of celebrity in literature and science to gild their dedication page. Others pursue a different course, by pouring strains of flattery into the ears of wealth and power. A few have dedicated to friendship, and feelings of the heart. Among the last, let my first essay be placed.

When I put your name, my only-surviving and beloved Sister, in front of these pages, do not suppose that I am intending to draw a gasconade to emblazon your inestimable qualities, and bring the blush of offended modesty into your cheek: my desire is, simply, to present this Work to you as a trifling but sincere tribute of regard and affection—proving to you that I have duly appreciated in you the kindness of a sister with the feelings of a brother. And whenever your eye shall fall upon the present volume, in passing through the yet blank space of futurity, if I am living, remember that a brother's heart is open to the kindest feelings of human nature towards you; and if I shall have passed the "bourne from whence no traveller returns," believe that the departed spirit of a brother (if departed spirits are ever permitted to revisit this world of clay) hovers over you, watching, with guardian care, the vicissitudes of life, with

JANE DICKINSON.

PREFACE.

OBTRUDING a volume of poetry upon the attention of the public, in times like these, when the press, prolific as the female rabbit, teems the spawn of intellect, like floods of winter in our aqueous clime, and when the majority are too much engaged—attending to the craving demands of the corporeal stomach—to pay great regard to the appetites of mind, appears almost a work of supererogation. Poetry, painting, and music, captivating as they are to the youthful, the generous, and the enthusiastic, bestow not the same feelings of delightful and innocent pleasure to sordid men of this world, engrossed with their wealth amassed, or power acquired—too often to be exercised for selfish and exclusive purposes; and the unpretending bard, who, claiming not to possess any very extraordinary genius, intelligence, or learning, may when publishing poetry in this age of light, of refinement, and wisdom, calculate with great confidence and certainty, to receive from the critic's class of readers the imputation of impertinence, if nothing worse, as a reward for his pains. I do not affect to treat the judgment of

the learned with levity or indifference, neither to deny nor dispute the just claims of the learned critic, the Christian theologian, or the philosophic reasoner, to sit in judgment upon mine, as well as all other literary productions addressed to the public ; but I feel the anxiety natural to humanity, when placed at the bar, and before the eye of the public, subjected to the scrutiny and critical examination of the learned and the wise, who are but too apt to play the cynic, when placed in the seat of judgment to decide the fate of fellow-men. There is, however, another class of readers, happily more easily satisfied than the critics, and whose good opinion I more desire to secure than even the learned. It is gratifying to observe—and what an unprejudiced observer may do—that there always has been, that there is, and that there ever will be—desecrated as the world may be—a majority of persons disposed to excuse errors incident to humanity, whether they discern them in literary productions or elsewhere, provided always that they be errors of the head only, not of the heart, and especially if the redeeming qualities of good, though mistaken intentions, can be discovered surrounding them. Ardent minds, during the earlier periods of life, often commit

the sin of rhyme, though few have the hardihood to risk the publication of their effusions, after comparing them with the superior productions already before the public. How far that public will tolerate the obtrusion of my weak efforts, to contribute a mite, however small, towards its amusement or instruction, at present I am unable to judge, and time only can determine.

The poetizing fraternity of the present day, like the ship-carpenters of our island, are placed in circumstances of difficulty for materials of the first-rate quality. All the old oaks of noblest growth have been worked up, and new ships can only now be constructed from the soft timbers of recent growth ; so, also, the regions of poetry have become bare and barren. All, or almost all the trees and shrubs of beauty, strength, or grandeur, have been monopolized by some of the favourite sons of Apollo, and planted into their several parterres, gardens, forests, or pleasure-grounds. It is true that the world exhibits, at present, much of the old leaven of human perverseness in perfect maturity. An ample field is fairly open, for a writer of talent to expose it, and thereby to make bad men ashamed of themselves. But to wield with effect the sword of satirical sarcasm requires a powerful arm, and

little can be done by the puny hand of a writer feeble as I am ; yet the humble effort may, perhaps, be excused for the motive's sake ; and should only a single individual, by the perusal of my production, become persuaded of the possibility of his doing more good in the world, and being so persuaded, should he succeed in multiplying in a greater degree his own usefulness, and thereby increase the general stock of human happiness, then all my scribbling is not lost, and I am rewarded. Yet, like the timid school-boy, when he first bathes his youthful limbs in the cooling stream, when summer tempts him with its warm, invigorating rays—awhile he lingers undecided ; at last, screwing up his courage to the top of resolution's bank, upon the margin of the stream, shutting his eyes, he plunges headlong in the humid tide. So, with the poet, thus he takes his first leap, risking the swelling currents and the rolling seas of public opinion.

If I am wreck'd, I must submit to fate ;
If I can swim, I'll swim with heart elate,
And wanton with the tide.

W. H.

COCKERMOUTH, 5th April, 1837.

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POEMS.

ADDRESS TO THE SNOW-DROP.

(FEBRUARY, 1804.)

I.

WELCOME, lovely, little flower,
Emblem of returning Spring ;
Early fruit of vernal shower,
Take the welcome I can sing.

II.

Pleas'd I view thy spotless blossom
Peep so cheering thro' the soil ;
Pure and fair as Delia's bosom,
Modest as her virgin smile.

III.

Ere Spring, enrobed in tender green,
Bedecks the flower-ename'd plain,
Meek-ey'd Snow-drop, thou art seen
The earliest flow'ret in her train.

B

IV.

Summer flowers, sweetly blowing,
May display a richer dye ;
Gaudy beauties, purple glowing,
May enchant the wandering eye.

V.

But thy little graceful form,
Weeping head its charms revealing,—
Blowing in the vernal storm,
Delights the heart of tender feeling.

VI.

Thus the modest face of worth
Wins with many a secret charm ;
Subdues like love, that, here on earth,
With heaven's own fire the heart can warm.

VII.

Native beauty, when she smiles,
Charms beyond all powers of art ;
The soul she secretly beguiles,
From her sweet charms you cannot part.

VIII.

Little floweret, fare thee well !
Ah ! when thou hail'st another Spring,
We know not who thy charms may tell,
Nor who thine opening beauties sing.

STANZA TO ELIZA.

(1808.)

I.

WHEN Spring her verdant mantle throws
Of hawthorn buds o'er Pardshaw plains,
Then through old Mosser's glens and shaws
The mavis pours melodious strains.

II.

When Summer brings the sultry noon,
And sheep are shorn, and shepherds play ;
Then milk maids strip the russet gown,
And lambkins gambol, all so gay.

III.

When Autumn waves her yellow hair,
And Ceres fills her ample horn,
Then plenty crowns the farmer's care
With golden crops safe in the barn.

IV.

When Winter roars o'er mountain rocks,
And chills with icy hand the world,
Shepherds guard well their fleecy flocks
From the wild snow storms round them hurl'd.

V.

Each season's varied changes find
Me here, the same fond am'rous swain ;
And you, Eliza, uninclined
To cure this stung heart's cruel pain.

VI.

What! not one kind consenting smile
To him who breathes this artless strain!
A smile could lighten every toil,
Would render stingless every pain.

VII.

Eliza ! who can look on thee,
And cease thy beauties to admire !
Or think how cruel thou canst be
To him who wakes a humble lyre !

VIII.

To sing thy charms, tho' they are cold,
Oh ! let thy poet's bosom warm thee ;
His arms thy slender waist enfold,—
His soft endearments chastely charm thee.

IX.

Let love thy gentle bosom fill,
I give thee mine, oh ! let it bless thee ;
As turtle doves that coo and bill,
Thy tender lover would caress thee.

X.

Too short would seem the longest day,
If thou but gave thy love to me ;
Then I would sing, and laugh, and play,
Thro' life, embracing and embraced by thee.

SECOND ADDRESS TO ELIZA.

I.

YE birds that wanton thro' the groves
That wave where Derwent winding flows,—
Alone when fair Eliza roves,
To hear your song in woodland shaws.

II.

Does the name of Strephon ever,
Gently falling from her tongue,
Join the sweetly murmuring river,
Breath'd within her secret song?

III.

Does she ever, lonely wandering,
Where the green elms wave so high,
On the viewless future pondering,
Heave to him the whispering sigh?

IV.

Haste ye, little warbling throng,
Pour your sweetest harmony;
Waft my lines with yours along,
Aid them with your minstrelsy.

V.

When the youthful maid inclines
In deep solitudes to rove,
Join your music to my lines,
That I may gain Eliza's love.

VI.

For I can find no place of rest,—
The maiden's shadow guides my feet ;
At Nova Zembla I were blest,
If there Eliza I could meet.

VII.

Tho' the wild whirlwinds there should blow
Keenly o'er the trackless plain,—
Hard biting hail, cold sleet, and snow,
Or bitterest driving rain.

VIII.

The keenest hail, the coldest rain,
That tempest ever blew,
I'd brave, Eliza, nor complain,
To gain sweet love from you.

IX.

The smiles of love then grant to me ;
Bright beams of light from heaven, oh give !
Let their soft radiance shine from thee,—
Without them Strephon cannot live.

X.

Could'st thou, Eliza, see him die,—
Expire for love, and feel no pain ?
No tear of pity fill thine eye,
But coldly spurn his latest strain ?

XI.

And is thy heart so icy cold ?
The powers that freeze it, what can move ?
Who could believe, if they were told,
Eliza's heart was dead to love.

XII.

Thy vestal vow recall, my fair,—
'Twas but in jest Eliza made it ;
Give me a ringlet of thine hair,
Into a magic wreath I'll braid it.

XIII.

When the midnight moon rides high,
Faries dance thro' rocky dells ;
I'll catch enchantments as they fly,
And steal away their magic spells.

XIV.

Thy hair with magic spells I'll bind,
Within a golden talisman ;
A magian's cord, too, I will find,
Twin'd for a fair maid's tender hand.

XV.

This charm'd lock in my breast must lie,
Close to the heart, and never move ;
In three short moons thy scorn will fly,
And in the bosom strongest love

XVI.

Will burn, like mine, thy beating breast—
Will sparkle from that brilliant eye—
Will chase away thy peaceful rest—
Will raise thy cold heart's deepest sigh.

XVII.

Must I then look as cold on thee,
As thou hast been for many a day ?
Return the scorn that wounded me,
When I was gloomy—thou wert gay.

XVIII.

Then I will lead thee, like a slave,
And triumph in thy smothering pain ;
I'll laugh in scorn ;—why should I save
Eliza from her galling chain ?

XIX.

When she could save me all this toil,
And give me her heart without this juggle ;
Bestow pure love without its coil,—
Free as the air, nor longer struggle

XX.

Against the stream, but launch the bark
Of love on pleasure's silv'ry tide ;
Let gentle zephyrs waft the ark
Along—while we triumphant ride

XXI.

The wave—with cupid at the prow,
Laughing and steering wild, but true ;
Whilst often from his silver bow,
An arrow flies, my love, at you.

XXII.

We'll soon discover hymen's bay,
And gain that flower-deck'd, fruitful shore ;
And often bless the happy day,
We landed there to part no more.

PARTING STANZA TO ELIZA.

I.

THE wretch condemn'd for sin and crime,
Far from his native shore,
Beneath a torrid, feverish clime,
To tug the slavish oar,

II.

May hope one day to quit his toil,
When time hath worn him free ;
Re-visit his paternal soil,
And claim sweet liberty.

III.

And must the cherub, Hope, depart
For ever, far from me ?
Must grim Despair corrode a heart
Condemned for loving thee ?

IV.

Bare and exposed, could it be laid
Before thee, thou wouldst know
It ill deserved, too cruel maid,
That thou shouldst spurn it so.

V.

Fate, smiling, once seemed to have given
Thy sympathies to me ;
Ah ! what a sweet terrestrial heaven
I hop'd to gain in thee.

VI.

Few hearts can love as I can love,
And none imagine how ;
My soul in secret workings move
Towards thee, even now.

VII.

Cold, still, and cruel as thou art,
Yet must I love thee still ;
Love's throb beats strong in this fond heart,—
Beats uncontrol'd by will.

VIII.

For fain would I forget thee, Bess,
As thou art still unkind ;
Yet I can never love thee less,
Tho' ere so much inclin'd.

IX.

What venom of what slandering tongue
Hath poison'd thy soft breast !
And mine, by thee thus keenly stung,
Can find no place of rest.

X.

The thought of what our bliss had been,
Hadst thou been given to me,
Obtrudes on many a varied scene,
When distant far from thee.

XI.

But since the fates have will'd it so,
And I must now depart ;
Adieu ! young Bess, and here I go,
Yet leave behind my heart.

STANZA—DURING SICKNESS.

I.

YOUNG Spring returns to glad the grove,
And nature decks the flowery lea ;
The woodlands echo songs of love,—
Alas ! their charms are lost to me.

II.

Vain to me young Spring returning :
Can the fairest flowers that blow,
While the heart-strings ache with mourning,
Peace diffuse, or bliss bestow ?

III.

Time has been when vernal skies
Could raise my youthful bosom's glow,
And o'er my cheek the crimson dyes
Of blooming health's soft roses throw.

IV.

How chang'd my youthful, sprightly air,
Pale sickness blasts my early joys ;
The grief-fraught sighs of pallid care
The young heart's softest bliss destroys.

V.

Ah ! ye fond deluding dreams,—
Dreams of bliss that gild life's morning,—
When young fancy sheds bright beams
Of heavenly light, all views adorning.

VI.

In the scenes of your pourtraying,
Youth and Love seemed ever twining
Rosy garlands, and still playing
On sweet flower-banks, were reclining.

VII.

Eliza and the Graces sung
Seraph songs, so softly moving ;
The listening Wood Nymphs round them hung,
And melted into youthful loving.

VIII.

Hours of rapture, years of pleasure,
All seem'd floating gay before me ;
Fancied bliss, ideal treasure,
Scenes of sunshine never stormy.

IX.

Time and fate, alas ! have shown me
Those ærial dreams were vain ;
Pale disease and pain have blown me,
Among their rugged rocks again.

X.

Whelming waves are pouring o'er me,
Foaming high, and roaring wide ;
Seas of sorrow swell before me,
And heave around a headlong tide.

XI.

Yet, Hope's light skiff rides on the billow,
When the wildest whirlwind howls !
Hope soothes the sick-bed's weary pillow,
And whispers peace to fainting souls.

XII.

Tho' thus oppress'd with grief and pain,
Sweet Hope sustains me through the gloom,
That health's rich joys may charm again,
And snatch me from the opening tomb.

XIII.

And Hope could cheer that gloomy road,
Nor leave me till my latest breath ;
A steadfast hope in Nature's God
Can soothe the solemn hour of death.

SECOND ADDRESS TO THE SNOW-DROP.

I.

SNOW-DROP! flower of early blowing,
Hail, once more, sweet child of Spring!
Ever pure and spotless growing,
Ah! could I as spotless sing.

II.

Reluctant Flora never sheds
One flower to deck our sea-bound isles;
All slumber in their wintry beds,
Till Snow-drops peep like beauty's smiles.

III.

Painting the cheeks of early love,
So meek, so chaste, so pure and holy;
They seem rich gems sent from above
To charm away all melancholy.

IV.

They chase away grim visag'd care,
And make the young heart leap for joy;
The sunshine of the mind, how fair
In youth, when health, sweet rosy boy,

V.

Laughs in each face, and running wild
Around you gaily gamboling ;—then
How pleas'd you lead the lively child
Among love's roses thro' the glen,

VI.

Where woodbines twine a scented bower,
And moss-grown banks are spread around ;
Where hare-bells blow, and many a flower
Bedecks the soft enchanting ground.

VII.

Oh ! then to meet young Rosa there,
And hear her voice join nature's choir,
Might smooth the wrinkles of despair,
And make Misanthropy desire

VIII.

To join the universal chaunt
That fills the vallies, woods, and skies ;
The vocal spirit seems to haunt
All nature,—and soft pleasure flies,

IX.

On wings of love, like some sweet bee,
Without a sting, kissing each flower ;
While wood-doves coo on every tree,
And blackbirds sing in every bower.

X.

Each murmuring stream that sweeps along
The winding vallies, still inspires
The muse, that tunes her artless song,
And bashful woos the trembling wires.

XI.

Yet her light music always leads
To harmony and social joy ;
The beauty of the woods and meads
Infuse delights without alloy.

XII.

And much it soothes the sons of care,
To chaunt the song, tho' rude and wild ;
To breathe the tender feelings there,
That swell the breast of nature's child.

XIII.

The simple Snow-drop fills the mind
With thoughts of pure, unmingled love ;
What callous bosom cannot find
Delicious joy to hear the dove

XIV.

Cooing in the green wood, where
Echo, answering from the glade,
On the circumambient air,
Floats the soft music thro' the shade ?

XV.

The beauties of creation raise
Pure devotion in the soul ;
Nature on every side displays
Signs of the Deity's controul,

XVI.

That awe the wondering mind of man
To love, to worship, and adore,
The Being who directs the plan,
That governs all and evermore.

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMBSTONE OF ABRAHAM AND MARY ROSS,
BRUMFIELD CHURCH-YARD.

I.

Does living worth review this silent tomb,
Or passing virtue pause a moment here,
To muse and sigh o'er man's last dreary home,
Till pity draws the sympathising tear ?

II.

That precious gem, ah ! let it gently fall
O'er kindred virtue mould'ring here below ;
The melting sigh, and heart-wrung tears are all
The genuine tribute we can now bestow.

ELEGY.

The humble pair, entomb'd in death's low bed,
Liv'd in this weeping vale, unknown to fame ;
A rural life, in sweet retirement led,—
For empty honours never made a claim.

Beyond their native circle seldom roam'd,—
Domestic ties and duties bound them there ;
Near their paternal heritage entomb'd,
They slumber peaceful, free'd from worldly care.

III.

The rustic bard knew well the spotless pair,—
From early childhood knew, and saw them die ;
If purity ere liv'd on earth, they were
Spotless.—Alas ! the human eye

IV.

Sees not the secret reins. The unknown heart
May have within it,—and unseen may lie
A dark'ning shadow, and a baser part,
Which snarling cynics may affect to spy

V.

For faults ;—yet truth's bright sun-like face
Shines through the clouds that would obscure its
Happily, all the blear-ey'd cynic race [beams;
Can not impede its overpowering streams.

VI.

Like day it shines, with all-subduing light,
And time,—revealing time,—confirms the powers
Of sacred truth ;—and superstitious night
No longer now man's darken'd mind obscures.

VII.

Each plant, each tree, each shrub, and opening flower,
Profusely spread o'er native wood and plain ;
We know, from the fruits they bountifully pour,
True to each kind through nature's varied reign.

VIII.

The oak grows acorns ; hollies berries red :
We seek not roses from the hemlock weed ;—
When gathering lilies we are never led
To wander, seeking, where wild sedges seed.

IX.

The pink's sweet smell, the rose's rich perfume,
Are trusty guides ; the tulip's varied hue
Marks it as truly. Who would ere presume
To doubt the hare-bell's weeping head was blue ?

X.

The prickling whin, too, wounds you when you fall,
And nettles sting you, touch them e'er so light ;
True to there different natures, you find all
Clearly defin'd, distinct as day and night.

XI.

As surely, too, whene'er you find display'd
Love, meekness, pure integrity of mind
In man, though moving in the rural shade,
His virtues truly ornament mankind.

XII.

And sterling worth may well be copied there,
And useful lessons might be learn'd from them.
By lords,—and statesmen would their eyes prepare
To see plain truth, and falsehood would condemn.

XIII.

The dead now sleeping underneath this mound,
Had hearts of feeling for another's pain ;
Their hands dealt kindness still to all around
Their rural dwelling. Many a hoary swain,

XIV.

Whose white head bore the snowy locks of time,
And age and want had levell'd with the poor,
Received their charity : they thought it crime
To drive the helpless from their opening door.

XV.

Long time hath pass'd, flying on viewless wings,
Since both have vanish'd from terrestrial scenes ;
And varying fortune's chance now strangely brings
My wandering feet where the dark tombstone leans

XVI.

From its first perpendicular, when rear'd,
To mark their graves ;—and time hath also shed
Some scars on me, and worldly cares have sear'd,
My youthful heart, and streak'd with hoar-frost my
unhappy head.

XVII.

Short time can pass ere I must take my bed,
And share with them man's melancholy lot ;
I'd rather chose, when I am lowly laid,
To sleep obscure, like them, in this lone spot,

XVIII.

And mingle with their sacred dust below,—
Once lov'd so dear in life, tho' now forgot,—
Than have mock-splendour and funeral show
Wave o'er my last remains, if left to rot.

XIX.

Like Conrad the Corsair, in Lord Byron's rhymes,
Link'd to one virtue and a thousand crimes.

MONODY.

I.

This world, to weak short-sighted man,
Seems wonderful, and passing strange ;
He fathoms not its mighty plan,—
It reaches far beyond the range

II.

Of human intellect : and reason lost,
Stretching its vision thro' all space,
On the dark waves of chaos toss'd,
Sinks in despair, nor finds a place

III.

To rest its foot, but lorn and wild,
Raising a tearful, hopeless eye,
Like a lost, wilful, wand'ring child ;
And weeping thus, is heard to cry.

IV.

Mark yonder spider, spreading snares,
Weaving a fly-entangling net ;
You scarce can see the slender hairs,
So artfully the guile is set.

V.

The reptile insect, slyly watches,
Till some weak, heedless fly shall stray;
And when the toil a victim catches,
Her venom'd fang devours the prey.

VI.

Now see yon hawk, so slowly sailing,
Thro' the clear, unclouded skies;
Hark, too, the linnet's voice bewailing,
Its murder'd mate with piteous cries!

VII.

Soon guided by thy mournful lay,
Ah! poor, unhappy, helpless guest!
The hawk next on thyself shall prey,—
Shall tear thy little beating breast.

VIII.

And view enlightened man decoying,
Spreading his snares, more cruel far;
See man, his fellow-man destroying,
And breathing universal war;

IX.

Then say,—was this dark sphere designed
For mortal man a scene of joys?
Or must the immaterial mind
Look for its bliss beyond those skies?

X.

Yes! there are skies of clearer blue,
Where sceptic shadows never swim;
A world that wears a brighter hue,
Now dawns on man, inviting him.

XI.

Come, all ye heavy laden, then,
Ye weary pilgrims, welcome there;
To all repenting sons of men,
Was won by Christ's redeeming care.

XII.

A world of bliss, of light, and love,
He open'd, and by him was given,
The clearest sight of realms above,
Prepar'd for contrite hearts in heaven.

MARY'S SHADE.

I.

Shade of my Mary! art thou near me,
When I linger o'er thy tomb?
Couldst thou see me, couldst thou hear me
Pour my sorrows whilst I roam?

II.

Where old Melbreak's^a hills are throwing
Deepest shadow, darkest shade,
O'er thy grave, while sweet flowers blowing,
Shed their perfumes, where thou art laid.

III.

How I then would love to wander,
When my memory dwelt on thee,
Lone by Kirk-gate streams meander,
And think my Mary was with me.

IV.

Alas! she cannot come to tell
The secrets of that unseen world
Beyond the grave, that clay bound cell
Keeps the deep mystery still unfurl'd.

V.

We weep when bosom friends, and dear,
Are swept from life so soon away ;
Grief's bursting sigh and bitter tear,—
How bitter 'tis what tongue can say?

VI.

The anguish of that dark despair,
Which makes the beating heart to quiver,
When death's pale victim, young and fair,
Lies cold before you—gone for ever—

VII

Can not be told ;—but oh ! I felt
That withering shock when Mary died,
As round her bed the family knelt,
And all is o'er—we faintly cried.

VIII.

My heart grew cold, I shiver'd, fell
On those who wept around, and saw,
With wondering eyes, death's horrid spell
Strike living man so fierce a blow.^b

IX.

Oh ! may my sister's spirit find
Rich bliss, by her Redeemer given ;
And may the friends she left behind
Join Mary once again in heaven.

ELEGY

ON CAPTAIN H. JACKSON, WHO DIED OF THE YELLOW
FEVER AT MARA BONA, JAMAICA.

In foreign climes, far from his native home,
The youthful sailor finds an early tomb.
Jackson, with spirits buoyant as the breeze,
That curls the white waves on the swelling seas,
Sleeps cold in death, where Mara Bona spreads
Perennial flowers and ever verdant meads ;
Where citron groves their fruit-bent branches wave,
And orange trees blossom o'er his hallow'd grave.
Dear friends, who, weeping his lov'd memory mourn,
And heave the deep sigh o'er his pictur'd urn,
What counsel can the honest muse impart,
To sooth the anguish of each grief-torn heart ?
The youth departed, sleeps in peace, secure
From grief and pain surviving friends endure.
The cares of life can now no more enthrall,—
The spirit freed now soars beyond them all.
Boreas, with blust'ring storms, disturbs no more,
Nor Neptune's trident, shaking every shore.

No dread of rocks, sunk in the trackless deep,
Can break the soundness of the sailor's sleep,
As when thro' night's deep gloom he steer'd the bark,
And cold winds blanch'd him in the cheerless dark.
No tempest drives him thro' the tumb'ling seas,
Where whirlpools swallow, or where north winds freeze :
The frozen main no longer he'll explore,
Where ice-bergs float along a lifeless shore ;
Lifeless, unless some brine-bred monster howls,
Or sea-bear scares you with its dismal growls.
The watery waste will him no more detain,
His spirit swims eternity's dark main ;
To heaven's calm shore he courts the steadfast gale,—
Hope at the helm—religion spreads the sail.
No putrid plague beneath a torrid sky,
Can wring one tear, nor one heart-rending sigh :
The fever's dreadful pang no more prevails,
The yellow scourge no longer now assails ;
The throbbing head is free from bursting pain,
Convulsions never will return again.
Delirium raves not from his silent tongue,
Where once love's accents and persuasion hung.
The common doom but falls on Henry now,
That waits on all—that waits for me and you :
A few short hours—days—months—or years, at most,
And we must follow to the Stygian coast.
Or then, or now, to say which were the best,
Who here can tell ? Unless he saw the rest

Of time, concealed by grey-beard's murky veil
Whose grim face might not tell a kinder tale ;
Wise Providence directs all for the best,
Henry is happy, why are we distress'd ?
With hope he sleeps in man's last dreary bed,
Till the last trumpet wakes the slumb'ring dead.
But thou, fair mourner ! whose loose ringlets shade
Thy clear blue eyes, where love's quick light'ning
play'd ;
What magic voice can sooth thy wounded heart,
When grim despair corrodes each tender part :
Can pity's voice recall the youth to thee ?
What bark shall waft him o'er the bounding sea ?
Vain the deep sighs that heave thy breast of snow,
Thy pale cheek's glist'ning with the tears of woe ;
In vain, sweet maid, those heart-wrung tears are shed,
No power on earth can raise the slumb'ring dead.
Tho' friendship's voice should echo back thy moan,
And sympathy reverberate groan for groan,
Till midnight echos moan'd to hear thee mourn,
All—all were vain, he never will return.
The sigh, the look, the chaste embrace that pass'd,
When last you parted, must remain the last.
Life's scene on Henry now for ever shuts,
The ties that bound you, death's keen falchion cuts ;
Terrestrial union, fate's stern rule deny'd,
A clay-cold bridegroom he—and thou a widow'd bride.
The hope alone remains that bards of old

And saints and sages anciently foretold,—
That souls thus sever'd, still the dead returns,
Wand'ring in air the lonely spirit mourns ;
Viewless to human eyes, yet ever near
It's dearest object,—ever—ever dear,
Till fate relenting sets both spirits free,
And joins them in bliss thro' all eternity.

APOSTROPHE TO MAN.

I.

Lord of this orb ! creation's king !
Thou emblem of a god !
Thy tyrant spirit fain would bring
The world to wait thy nod.

II.

To witness all thy follies here
What strange ideas rise !
Naked and bare to see them clear,
Expos'd without disguise.

III.

Inconstant man ! thy life and thee
How changeful, strange, and vain,
To day a toy,—gives bliss to me,
Perhaps, to-morrow, pain.

IV.

And man, in every stage, appears
Inconstant as the blast ;
Acquires new foibles with his years,
And gains them to the last.

V.

In youth, without one care or plan,
He spurns at all control ;
Contemns, approves, and thinks he can
Confound or conquer all.

VI.

Time shews him rocks unseen before,
And mountains he must brave ;
But long ere that hard task is o'er,
You find him in the grave.

VII.

Cold bed ! where bravest heroes sleep,
The coward slumbers too,
Thy dark oblivion safe will keep
Their feats and foibles now.

VIII.

The lover dreams no more of bliss,
Now cold within thy cell,
Alas ! that love should come to this,
When hearts can love so well.

IX.

The fool, the knave, the high, and low,
All sink at death's dark shrine,
Thou, grave, can no distinction shew,
All dust must mix with thine.

X.

The sacred dust of Newton now
 Hath turn'd to common clay ;
 And Harvey died, wise Davy too—
 All take one dreary way.

XI.

Avon's sweet bard and Burns are gone,
 And gloomy Byron's dead ;
 Scott is no more—the useless stone
 Points to his last cold bed.

XII.

Lord Byron, satirizing man,
 His faithful dog to eulogise,
 Can find in this world's boundless span
 No other friend below the skies.

XIII.

O man ! great tyrant thro' each grade,
 What would thy reckless spirit crave ?
 Even Byron's genius never made
 A friend, unless to be a slave.

XIV.

And yet that poet's lofty strain
 Oftimes breathes the kindest feeling ;
 But soon his muse recoils again,
 A stern and fiend-like front revealing ;

E

XV.

And often seems as if concealing,
Like a misanthrope, stupid still,
Better nature, that seems stealing
From his dark muse, against its will.

XVI.

Alas ! 'tis true the human race
Are bad enough ; yet who would mar
The good they have, and it deface,
Making men worse than what they are.

XVII.

Vain man is not himself at times—
His best blood poisons with the spleen ;
Then shadows cloud his face and rhymes,
Spoiling the pictures of life's scene.

XVIII.

Frederick,^c that wise and potent king,
Enthusiast in pursuit of truth,
Sent his ambassadors to bring
The sage of France^d to guide his youth.

XIX.

That monarch's passion for a friend
Had but a short and transient reign :
You ask what wrought its luckless end ?
'Twas tyranny, man's mortal bane.

XX.

Death swept the king and sage away—
 This lesson they have left behind,—
 Confirm'd and strengthen'd every day,
 That power makes tyrants of mankind.

XXI.

Grim death, pale king of tyrants, still
 Subdues all men, and surely brings
 All, all beneath his stubborn will,
 From lowest hinds to loftiest kings.

XXII.

Goldsmith, the gem of Ireland, sleeps
 As sound as Cromwell can ;
 At Saint Helena, too, there weeps
 The night-shade o'er one man,

XXIII.

Whose voice once woke the world to war,
 Who taught mankind how small
 Kings, churchmen, lords, and statesmen are,
 When fate's loud thunders roll.

XXIV.

Ambition brought him, like the rest,
 To darkness and the grave ;
 Now o'er his once high tow'ring crest
 Yon lone Isle's night-shades wave.

XXV.

All kings as men, all statesmen too,
Have duties to perform,—
Not as at sanguine Waterloo,
To feed the hungry worm.

XXVI.

History swells high the sacred name
Of Alfred in its story ;
His patriot soul burnt with a flame,
That wreaths him in a glory

XXVII.

Of honest fame that sparkles clear,
Even now, tho' ten long centuries gone,
Have swept to oblivion sage and seer,
And many a proud memorial stone.

XXVIII.

His trial by jury forms the base,
And the best bulwark of the law ;
To rule and reform the human race
Kings should contend, and only so.

XXIX.

Britain's reforming Sailor King
In fame's pantheon bright will shine,—
A kind of rara avis thing,
A monarch made to mend mankind.

XXX.

All living kings are made divine,
 Thro' various fulsome laureat pages;
 William ! a nobler meed be thine—
 Thy people's gratitude thro' ages.

XXXI.

The annals of Great Britain will
 Record to future times the name
 Of Grey, whose memorable bill
 Must yield that Earl some honest fame.

XXXII.

And, Brougham, thy name must also go
 Thro' time's dark vista shining clear,
 As a reformer of the law,—
 A star to gild our hemisphere.

XXXIII.

Since death soon levels all mankind,
 The object of all men should be
 To leave some useful work behind,
 To benefit posterity.

XXXIV.

The rustic swain who plants a tree,
 The virtuous wife that rears a child,
 Usefully serve their country,
 Tho' differently, yet both have toil'd.

XXXV.

For toil and labour only give
Rewards of value here below ;
By toil most men in health may live,
The cheapest med'cine man can know.

XXXVI.

If bless'd with health and sweet content,
The good this world affords is won ;
Wise providence those blessings sent,
Free as the air, warm as the sun.

XXXVII.

All other wants that man may make,
Panting for artificial joy,
Oft sting more pois'nous than the snake,
And nature's healthful charms destroy.

XXXVIII.

Then man, inconstant man, be wise,
Take lessons from wise nature's law ;
Wipe the wet tears from weeping eyes,
And heal the cruel wounds of woe.

XXXIX.

Do to the wand'ring child of sin
What thy own heart would claim of love ;
That rule will lead thy steps within
The gate that leads to heaven above,

XL.

Where the tir'd spirit finds its rest,
From cares that canker earth's cold sod ;
Where the pure angels and the bless'd,
Pour hymns of gratitude to God.

THE CUCKOO.

I.

Cunningham, sweet bard of song,
Sings the Cuckoo's praise so well ;
A rhymers in the rustic throng
Fears again to sound the shell
Of vocal music to the bird again,
Whose dulcet note inspires a harsher strain ;
For not to him the warbling muse belongs,
Yet oft he chaunts sincere, tho' humbler songs.

II.

Spring, enliv'ning spring, displays
The mighty power of nature's law,
When Sol's warm life-diffusing rays
Bring early flowers that sweetly blow ;
And life and light spring from his radiant beam ;—
Even the cold tenants of the limpid stream
Receive the impulse given by solar power ;
All vegetation feels it ; and each shower

III.

The fresh bud brings—upon the thorn.—
The cuckoo sings—its notes are borne
On Zephyr's wings—and the light gale,
While echo flings—them round the vale.

And over woods, and wilds, and streams,
They float like music heard in dreams ;
Each warbling songster of the feather'd choir
Joins the loud chorus nature's charms inspire.

IV.

These little choristers prepare,
For this sweet season of their loves,
A bed of down to nestle there,
And coo and bill like turtle-doves ;
And breed their callow young secure from harm,
In the deep thicket shelter'd, snug, and warm ;
On some tall tree or shelving cliff 'tis made,
Where prowling vermin climb not to invade.

V.

But the wing'd prowler comes to mar
The downy nest the birds have made ;
The Cuckoo comes, a worse intruder far,
And there her spurious eggs are laid.
The simple birds mistake the spurious spawn,
And think their own are nurtur'd there alone ;
Thus they the bastard brood mistaken rear,
And the true parents never once appear

VI.

Parental duties to perform,
But leave the task to chance and fate ;
Nature's soft feelings never warm
The Cuckoo, or his cruel mate,

Careless they fly, from tender impulse free,
Always migrating, like the restless sea ;
To other climes the heartless cuckoos roam,
And leave their offspring in a stranger's home.

VII.

Who e'er could envy, or would fly,
On vagrant wings, a cuckoo too ;
A cheating pander thro' the sky,
To practise swindling as they flew ?
All human sympathy, revolting, answers—no.
What unpolluted mind would wish to go ?
Or who would be the little birds, bereav'd
Of their own offspring, and so much deceiv'd ?

VIII.

The fancying Muse imagines how
The wond'ring foster-birds will stare,
When the young cuckoos larger grow
Than their fond fostering fathers there ;
But blind to the truth, they nestle on content,
And feed the progeny, however sent.
What can a bird, or what could man devise
In such a case, when fate hoodwinks the eyes ?

IX.

The Cuckoo's note well-pleas'd we hear,
His melody announces spring ;
When nature's beauties re-appear,
Creation then will laugh and sing.

But still the Cuckoo never claims regard,
Beyond his music, from the rustic bard ;
Indeed, mankind reiterate his name
A canting word of low contempt or shame.

X.

And there are cuckoos among men,
Who act the vile deceiving part,
Yet hide their crimes from human ken,
With deep duplicity and art.
The prudent world, with one consent, retreat
From social union with the dangerous cheat ;
All shun his friendship, spurn his company—
Despis'd he wanders, stain'd with infamy.

XI.

All tolerate the simple bird,—
The winged Cuckoo we forgive ;
While his cheering notes are heard,
Man lets the bold intruder live.
But when humanity can sin so far,
And seem with social happiness at war,
The law proclaims that punishment shall fall
On guilt, and gives its shelt'ring shield to all.

XII.

Yet some escape all human law,—
Their secret sins are never known ;
Safe with impunity they go,
Yet for their crimes they must atone.

The Being that created sinful man,
Is not deceiv'd by him, nor ever can ;
And man's last sentence surely will be given,
By his Creator, at the bar of heaven.

STANZAS TO BACCHUS.

I.

Bacchus ! god of generous wine,
Ancient poets laud and praise thee ;
Sing anthems at thy rosy shrine,
And to god-like honours raise thee ;—
All to thy jolly courts repair,
And pour divine libations there.

II.

Heroes of the olden time,
All were worshippers of thee ;
Warriors of the eastern clime,
All to Bacchus bent the knee ;—
Thy rich potions still inspir'd them,
And with warlike ardour fir'd them.

III.

In those ancient times, when wine
Won the praise these poets sing,
All their heroes seem divine ;
Honour and the virtues spring
Brightest where rich wines are found—
In praise of wine their vaulted halls resound.

IV.

The grape's pure vintage we despise—
Pure alcohol we now combine ;
Strongest spirit moderns prize
Far beyond the richest wine.
This potent liquor soon disturbs the brain,
And brings disease, stupidity, and pain.

V.

Degenerate man, that walks abroad
In this conceited world of ours,
A victim sinks beneath the load
Of usquebaugh, that Bacchus pours
Down his dry throat, until he falls,
A drunken beast, in vaulted halls.

VI.

Something is chang'd, since Bacchus now
Makes modern man a nerveless slave—
A bloated sot, whose shameless brow
Disgrace and infamy can brave
Without a blush ; some crimes are known
To spring from drunkenness alone.

VII.

O man ! disgrace no more thy name,
Nor vile nocturnal orgies keep ;
Let not thy friends, with grief and shame,
O'er thy lost manhood sigh and weep.

Redeem lost time before it be too late—
Fly from the drunkard's forlorn, hopeless fate!

VIII.

Disease and death's untimely blast
Fall on the drunken dotard's head ;—
Then from thy lips the poison cast,
Replace pure element instead ;
And health and peace of mind will thee restore
To manhood once again.—Then drink no more.

ELEGY

ON MR. W. PEARSON, A RENOWNED HUNTER.

I.

The cold wind blew o'er Branthwaite moor,
A deadly-freezing blast ;
Black darkness gloom'd in midnight hour,
When Pearson breath'd his last ;
When Will's proud soul of fire untam'd,
As pale and dim the watch-light gleam'd,
In solemn hour of night,
Sprung from its tenement of clay,
And thro' the heaven's etherial way
Took bold unmeasur'd flight.

II.

In that dark hour of dread and woe,
When death, grim tyrant, reign'd,
From Lostrigg's echoing glens below,
Loud, deep-ton'd growlings strain'd.

There Cæsar, Cleaver,^e dogs of fame,
And Shifty, hound of matchless name,
In dreadful midnight howls :
The fate of Will, their fallen lord,
These grateful hounds in grief deplor'd,
With heart-wrung, dismal growls.

III.

Unhappy hounds ! at early dawn,
Your master's voice no more shall raise
The tuneful echoes o'er the lawn,
Nor bugle sound o'er heathery braes.
Ye timid hares may now rejoice,
And mountain fox, with yelping voice,
Exulting now may rove ;
No more Will's echoing hunter's yell
Shall scare you from the lonely dell,
Nor wood-crown'd sylvan cove.

IV.

Flimby's dark gills, where reynard sleeps,
Nor Broughton's stretching plain,
Isell's deep woods and dangerous steeps,
He'll never see again.
Derwent's clear stream no more shall lave
The hero, dashing thro' the wave
That sweeps her pebbled shore ;
Clifton's green heights and sloping dales,
Old Dean's low woods and winding vales,
Will never hear him more.

V.

Blithe Davy^f now may range forlorn,
And wear the mournful hue;
His comrade, Will, from him is torn,
A comrade firm and true.
Bowman and Kendal,^g too, will shed
The salt tear o'er Will's last cold bed,
And think of years long pass'd;
And, Green, the deep sigh often heave,
Oft think of Will, and weep and grieve,
With gloomy cares o'ercast.

VI.

When Curwen,^h chief of Cumbrian brave,
First rais'd our youth in martial pride,
A plume and warrior's blade he gave,
And bound the weapon to Will's side.
O! then was warlike Pearson seen
A soldier tall, of stately mein—
What glory fir'd his breast!
The lightnings of his eagle glance,
Shot like the rays from glittering lance,
As wav'd his feathery crest.

VII.

That eagle eye now sleeps in death—
His tuneful voice, for ever still,
Hath pass'd away as fleeting breath,
And all is gone of gallant Will.

When shall a youth appear again,
With Pearson's grace, on festive plain,
By Marron'sⁱ silver stream ?
No youth shall rise of equal fame,
To rouse the fur-clad mountain game,
Nor grace the poet's theme.

VIII.

Tall hunter hero ! thou art gone,
Where all have gone before ;
Thy worth, thy faults, unknown and known,
Oblivion will devour.
One hundred years, and time will show
No trace of thee at Bannock Row.^k—
No muse of mine can save
From dark oblivion's sweeping hand ;
Myself must join the nameless band,
Who slumber in the grave.

IX.

That thou wert generous, bold, and free,
Of independence proud,
Of sprightly humour, fond of glee,
In social concert loud,
Will be forgot : time slowly laves
A Lethean stream, whose cruel waves
Drown all the deeds of men.
The hopes, the fears, the joys we feel,
Let time one hundred circuits wheel,
Will all be nothing then.

X.

The hope that purer, heavenly joys,
May then delight us more,
Yield all their sweets without alloys—
A rich celestial store.
That hope we cherish ;—discord lives not there,
But softest music floats along the air,
And every jar destroys.
O ! may the sweetest dreams of youthful love
Be more than realiz'd to us above—
Heaven's essence of all joys.

STANZAS TO DELIA.

I.

Beneath yon heath-clad hills, that brave
The sweeping tempest's wildest streams,
Where clear Loch Kinder's¹ glassy wave
Reflects the sun's departing beams,

II.

Thro' waving groves young Delia roves,
Or near New Abbey's cloister strays,
Far from the ardent youth, who loves
To muse and sigh o'er vanish'd days.

III.

Tho' recent in the paths of time,
Yet sever'd ties now mark them gone ;
And he can only muse and rhyme,
Sighing o'er past scenes when alone ;

IV.

While the wild girl, who thus inspires
Pangs of the heart in his lorn breast,
Laughs at the pain, and still desires
That life and love should all be jest.

v.

Perhaps 'twere wise, if love should be
Thus held at arms-length, nor be made
The tyrant he has been to me,
When Cupid's conquering arms invade.

vi.

What can resist, sweet virgin, say,
The arch-curl'd smiling urchin boy ?
Will Delia show the sweetest way
His ruling mandates to destroy ?

vii.

Lessons from Delia I would take,
From morn till eve the longest day ;
Thro' lingering night I'd keep awake,
Hear her soft lectures, and obey.

viii.

Obey ! ah ! no—I cannot lie :—
Hard hearted maid, can nothing move thee ?
Strephon for Delia's love can die,
But living, cannot cease to love thee.

ODE TO SYMPATHY.

I.

To sympathy I tune the lay,
And pour the music of wild song ;
When thus inspir'd, life's gloomy day
Glides with a smoother stream along
This chequer'd vale.
A tender tale
Of love, sung by some ancient bard,
Brings pleasing sympathy's reward ;
The joy or pain
We taste again,
As the poet's tale is told,
By powerful sympathy controll'd.

II.

To music's voice both young and old,
Enraptur'd, lend a listening ear ;
The heart's soft feelings then unfold,
And stormy passions disappear.
Sweet sympathy !
Infus'd by thee,
Delightful shadows cheer the mind,
And charm man's heart towards his kind.

None can withstand
Thy warm command ;
But all to sympathy resign
Their cold impulses, rul'd alone by thine.

III.

When stern misfortune falls on man,
And misery marks him for its prey,
The weeping wretch we never can,
Poor supplicating victim ! cast away ;
For sympathy,
With tearful eye,
Pleads for the poor, prostrated low.
Then genuine pleasure in relieving woe
The heart can feel,
Unless 'tis steel'd,
Its feeling harden'd and case-harden'd o'er,
Then sympathy sweats blood at every pore.

IV.

Twin-born with pity, and allied to love,
Sister to meek-ey'd charity, whose feeling
Tender compassion rules—conjoined they move,
Soft mercy's melting eyes, revealing
Forgiveness—love divine—
With sympathy combin'd ;
They charm all cares and grief away,
Enlighten man with hope's bright ray—

Raising the soul
Above controul
Of all terrestrial evil—and the mind,
Yielding to sympathy, becomes refin'd.

v.

Like a well-cultivated field,
By art prepar'd, and rich in soil,
Abundant products both will yield,
The sure reward of useful toil.
Dear sympathy!
I worship thee,
And sing thy soft enchanting power ;—
In life's rude path thou art a flower,
So beautiful and fair,
So purely bright and rare,
Thou shalt be household goddess where I live—
To all within my sphere thy favours give.

ODE TO ANTIPATHY.

I.

Antipathy! ah! what art thou,
Eccentric ruler of man's mind?
Thy whispering voice, tho' weak and low,
Yet, less or more, guides all mankind.
Strong shades in human faces will inspire
Oftimes strange feeling, and the soul takes fire.
Antipathy, deep-seated, growls within—
It sometimes will not be kept in;
Then rude and wild,
As passion's child,
It seems hard prejudice, and almost sin.—
When this storm rages, you can never win
A liberal thought; the soul is dark and grim,
And yet you scarce know why. This perverse whim
You cannot rule,
Nor send to school;
Stern nature is too wise to lead, or lecture him.

II.

Duplicity, with shameless brow
And double-meaning face, we hate ;
Could Truth's bright eye but pierce thee thro',
Disgrace and Infamy would be thy fate.
Yet keenest eye can seldom penetrate
The knave's dark visage, till it is too late ;
But if we would attend to thee,
Thy warning voice, antipathy,
Would often save
Us ; and the knave,
Cut from all intercourse, denied all dealing,
Would stand disarm'd, depriv'd by thy strong feeling
Of his sure prey.—Then I will sing thy praise,
In tuneless song and humble rustic lays ;
In simple melody,
Chant a rude stave to thee,
Tho' irony—the eulogy—may seem to be—thy poet
pays.

III.

What strange diversities in man !
Old nature's wife must be a curious dame ;
You find not in her varied clan
Two faces nor two hearts the same.
Sometimes she seems in frolic or in jest—
To mould one monster just to plague the rest.
The passions planted in the human breast,
However varying, give to life its zest.

The man is bless'd,
 Who is possess'd
 Of energy to govern passion's storms :—
 Their mastering power too oft deforms
 The human face divine ; yet they
 Are sometimes gentle gales, that play
 Serene and mild,
 When they have smil'd,
 Like innocence on man, and cheer'd his lingering day,

IV.

With sunshine of the heart.—Antipathy !
 'Tis then we hate thy ugly face ;
 We want a fair nymph's sweeter glance to see—
 We long for gentle sympathy's embrace.
 I cannot praise, in this harsh strain of mine,
 Thy blear-ey'd visage ; that dark eye of thine,
 Scowling, I wish to see no more—
 To me thou art a monstrous bore.
 'Tis strange to me,
 Antipathy !
 From all mankind that thou art not exil'd,
 Expell'd society, and in some lonely wild
 Left wandering.—When thou art forgot,
 Then man may smile, and bless his happy lot ;
 The world, when freed
 From thy black seed,
 Would then become a sweet enchanting spot.

V.

If man would take the golden rule,
To guide him thro' this weary world,
And learn it in his Saviour's school,
Antipathy would then be hurl'd
To endless exile—man to man would give
What he would like to take himself, and live—
Doing to others as he'd wish them do
To him, if time—place—circumstance—did bow.
His person, where
Harsh pain and care
Requir'd the helping hand of strength and power
To raise it up ; let soft humanity then shower
The blessings of relief, and raise the bower
Of shelter for the helpless, when the hour
Of age and care
Their pains prepare
For man—till death knocks at the hermit's door.

RECOLLECTIONS. .

I.

Thro' Caldbeck's wild woods, stretching far,
By Hesketh's sunny bowers and hills,
Where Caldew winds round many a scar,
Join'd by a thousand murmuring rills

II.

That pour from mountain, bank, and brae,
Watering the fruitful fields around ;
Each bubbling runlet casts a spray,
That spreads green verdure o'er the ground.

III.

When autumn brings the sporting day,
And stubble-fields are free and clear ;
With gamb'ling spaniels, frisking gay,
O how I lov'd to wander here !

IV.

When hoar-frosts tinge the leafy groves
With green and yellow tints so fair,
How pleas'd the youthful sportsman roves,
To seek the brown-wing'd woodcocks there.

V.

And partridge, too, in speckled pride,
Basks on the sunny banks, or feeds
In plenty, down by Caldew's side,
On scatter'd grain or ripen'd seeds.

VI.

Thro' Denton side loud echoes swell—
The double gun sings from below ;
Then Sebergham swains can often tell
Which way the scattering coveys go.

VII.

Mark ! mark ! resounds—quick wings are flying,—
A brace lies quivering on the brow ;
Old Nero,^m stands his master eying,
And seems to say, “ this sport will do.”

VIII.

Next day, a higher world we range,
Above where yon light vapours swim,
And as they sail, the features change
Of the tall craggs so dark and grim ;

IX.

As human features change at will,
When deep designing veils the mind ;
Vapours obscure the vision still,
If you attempt to read mankind.

X.

And viewing, from the vale below,
Yon cloud-capp'd, towering, rocky fell,
You deem not sweet flowers there can blow,
In that high region ; but they'll tell

XI.

You bees, when taken high up there,
Their honied hives will soonest fill,
In August, if you place them where
The heather blooms on flowery hill.

XII.

And underneath yon frowning rock,
A vein of purest ore may lie ;
It has been found below the block
Of cragg, that shines unto the sky ;

XIII.

And seems so rude to human eye,
That superficial gaze like mine,
And languid limb from it would fly ;
Yet rich in minerals it does shine.

XIV.

So may the darken'd human mind
Conceal beneath some hidden store ;
In its low depths, man yet may find
Within himself some useful ore,

XV.

To which his labouring powers might give
 A stamp of value now unknown ;
 Then man no more a sluggard live !
 Too often indolence alone,

XVI.

Degrades thy genius in the world—
 Destroys its energies and power ;
 Would man resolve, it might be hurl'd
 To dark oblivion in an hour.

XVII.

The moors will do—old Nero's nose
 Rears high to meet the western breeze ;
 And you can feel each scent that goes
 Across the plain, or thro' the trees.

XVIII.

The fine old moorcock there we'll find—
 What noble game when on the wing !
 Grouse-shooting leaves far, far behind
 All others, if you only bring

XIX.

Five brace all in full feather down—
 'Tis sporting fit for any king ;
 Yet many a thoughtless rustic clown
 Destroys the grouse eggs in the spring.

XX.

—'Tis evening now, and we must go,
Where beauty dwells on yonder lea,
The trophies of our game to show,
And sip with them the sweet bohea.

XXI.

And a rich treat it is to see
A pair of sisters, such as never
Were surpass'd, nor ere can be,
If you should, wandering, seek for ever.

XXII.

—Long years had pass'd, and I was there,
And fondly gaz'd where I had been,
But found no vestige of the fair—
How time's cold hand had chang'd the scene!

XXIII.

A serf sat at the garden gate,
But there no sweet flowers met my view;
Alas! I trembl'd for their fate—
Sweet angel sisters, where are you!

XXIV.

I learn'd the grave was now their home—
The dank grass, withering, mark'd the beds,
Where fate had stretch'd them in the tomb—
The lone winds sighing o'er their heads.

XXV.

Their substance all was spent and gone—
 'Twas thus the mournful story ran ;
 There was not left a single stone—
 All was destroy'd by felon man.

XXVI.

The hopeless tear of forlorn grief
 Had blanch'd their cheek, and pale despair
 Brought death—poor misery's last relief ;
 In yon dark tomb they moulder there.

XXVII.

O man ! canst thou for mercy call,
 At the tribunal of thy God ?
 On thy devoted head must fall
 His anger and the chast'ning rod,

XXVIII.

For crimes and cruelties of thine,
 When bursting hearts thy powers proclaim ;
 No limits can those powers confine,
 That rage like all-consuming flame,

XXIX.

Like a devouring beast of prey.—
 O what a monster man can be !
 And woman, spotless, young, and gay,
 Alas ! how hard *thy* destiny !

SUPPOSED ADDRESS

OF JOHN DONALD UPON THE SCAFFOLD, BEFORE HE WAS
EXECUTED, FOR ROBBERY, AT CARLISLE, 18—.

Great God !

And has it come to this at last ! and I
Must die the death of ignominy here,
Suspended from this hateful beam ! Alas !
This law seems hard and cruel, thus to take
Life, the Creator's gift to man.—Rich gift !
To breathe the balm of vital air, and move
The free elastic agent of the soul,
That spirit of etherial fire, can man
Extinguish thee for crimes of venial stamp,
And stand exonerated before the last bar
Of Heaven's tribunal ? I stand here condemn'd
To die for venial sin—for stealing gold
From sordid man, whose dormant stores laid waste,
And miserly were unemployed, as when
They slept deep in the mine, unknown to man.
The old Mosaic law held life more sacred :
The Jewish code demanded, “tooth for tooth,”—
More equitable, nor balanc'd the true scale
Of justice with gold for blood of man.—
And this strong body might have toil'd to gain

Redemption, and have tried, by restitution,
To repay the injuries inflicted
On the innocent by me. But the law
Stands to the bond for blood, and calls—death !
The gloomy prison-cells re-echo—death ! death !
Oh ! 'tis horrible to me !

Thousands are here assembled, to behold
The sanguinary law destroy this body—
A victim to the base insatiate thirst for
Gold.—And yet this passion dwells in all,
Or more or less in every breast ; and every eye
That falls on me, and this tall tree of death,
Would sparkle bright at sight of gold, that could
Be safely grasp'd by them. Ye money-dealers !
Usury and you deceive mankind, and steal
In secret, with impunity ; and still
Mankind are found blind to calculation,
And see not the robbery, tho' done before
Their faces in clear day ; and yet no law
Recoils on you—it sleeps, and you escape.
All traders rob each other ; lies are ready still
To gild, with spurious tinsel, worthless wares,
And make them seem what they are not, to catch
Th' unwary, and extract their gold for trash.
And is not this, too, robbery ? deception ?
Done by knaves, hypocrites, altho' they seem
Saint-like and holy to the blundering world.
Tho' they seem spotless, yet they know themselves

H

Unjust, and two-fac'd, double-dealing knaves.
O how such knowledge tends to self-abasement !
And leads man on to crime, as he wears callous
To feelings of integrity and honour.
The youthful mind, rich in native purity,
Keenly alive and sensible to minutest feeling,
Loving truth to veneration, and strict honour
With ardour, with enthusiasm. Dear youth !
O what a shock grates on thy wounded soul,
When it discovers baseness in the friends
Its simple, honest heart had deem'd as pure
As its own thoughts—constantly witnessing
Duplicity in man—daily, hourly intercourse !
At last youth grows familiar, and no longer
Shrinks, with horror, back from playing off those
Tricks in trade ; and then the mind's pollution comes,
And trick on trick succeeds. At last, strong habit
Grows to this—the youth becomes a villain
Like th' rest !—O why is this ? Could man but keep
The feelings and integrity of youth through life,
Ah ! then this world would wear another aspect.
No gallows trees would rear their hateful heads—
No prisons yawn on man for crime ; pure love,
And truth, and even-handed justice, would prevail
Through all the world. And why is it not so ?
Speak, man ! that question answer for thyself !
This prating from a wretch
Like me, condemn not you whom I address !

Believe, for I am sincere, and would warn
You from those crimes that brought me here. Alas !
'Tis now too late for me to profit by
This knowledge ; not so with you. Example
Take, and wisdom learn from me—a striking
Proof that trifling speculation leads to theft—
That sin breeds sin—that crime engenders crime—
And each succeeding crime grows darker,
Deeper into guilt it plunges. Last of all,
It brings its victim where I now am standing.
Then, man, beware of violating law ; for all
Must bend beneath the law, however cruel
Its strong mandates seem to those, who suffer
Thus like me its dreadful penalties.

And now I turn at last from man—to God,
The wonderful Creator of all matter,
Animate and inanimate, rational and brute !
Before the Father of the world I stand,
Imploring, humbly, Him not to turn away
His mercy from a wretch, condemn'd by man
To die in perfect health, for infringement
Of the law. All-powerful Being ! receive
The abject penitent—contrition now,
From a worm like me, even at the eleventh hour,
For sins innumerable done by me,
In violation of thy sacred law. O
Let the redeeming sacrifice of Christ
Extend to save me, stain'd as I am with sin ;

O let the waters of his mercy and my tears
Wash the deep stains away. Then cast me not
From mercy ; let me share that precious boon
With the repentant thief upon the cross,
Who died at Golgotha. O grant to me,
Great God ! thy mercy, and I leave this world
Without a sigh.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

A TALE.

I.

“Awake, my Mary—where, my love, art thou?
At thy low window I am waiting here;
The dew weeps cold upon my aching brow—
Open thy casement, gently, Mary dear.
Awake! arise! thy lover comes afar—
To thee he comes, his only guiding star,
Through the lone night—a pilgrim at the shrine
Of love—to clasp his constant breast to thine.

II.

“Open thine eyes—bright windows to the soul—
Open to love and me, my charming fair;
Let me young cupids in those eyes behold,
Sporting with fair-hair'd, laughing babies there.
The secret charm, that words can never tell,
Yield to thy William; he loves far too well—
Too firmly fix'd on thee—ever to range,—
True as the polar-star that cannot change.”

III.

Thus William call'd at Mary's window, where
The whispering music of his voice before
Had often brought the blushing beauty there,
And mutual vows had plighted o'er and o'er.
That night he came to fix the bridal-day,
And she was pledg'd no longer to delay
Young William's bliss, but, yielding heart and hand,
Join the fond youth in Hymen's sacred band.

IV.

The lonely hour of night was biting cold,
And darkness wrapt the silent world in gloom ;
A moaning east-wind round the buildings howl'd—
All else was silent, death-like as the tomb.
No voice from Mary's window could he hear ;
A sickness of the heart came o'er him, and strong fear
Of something dreadful, e'en foreboding death,
Struck the pale youth, and made him gasp for breath.

V.

The tortures of suspense he cannot bear,
But gain'd the door, and gave a thund'ring blow ;
Surpris'd, the inmates that loud summons hear,
And quickly Mary's father stands below.—
“Forgive me, father ; where is Mary—say ?
I come this night to fix our bridal-day.”
“William ! my son ! my son ! prepare
For hopeless grief—for comfortless despair.

VI.

“ Mary lies buried in the silent tomb ;
Six days ago the lovely maid was well—
Malignant fever sent her spirit home—
To heaven it wing'd its way. The grave's cold cell
Holds the pure relics of the heavenly maid—
The kindest, best, and dearest, I have said.
A thousand times she was the joy of all
Who look'd upon her ; and we saw her fall,

VII.

“ To the harsh stroke of death, in beauty's prime,
Like a fair flower that sinks beneath the storm ;
Or like rich fruit, that falls, long, long ere time
Moulds its young beauties, or matures its form.
This cruel stroke of fate is hard to bear,
But thou, my son, sustains the deepest share ;
My heart is cold, and cannot linger here—
Death soon will stretch me on my Mary's bier.

VIII.

“ The night she died, as I stood weeping by,
I saw a paler hue come o'er her cheek ;
A tear stood trembling in her languid eye—
Mournful she look'd, and seem'd inclin'd to speak.
I bent mine ear, and, whispering low, she said—
' I feel I'm dying, and I must be laid
In the cold grave, ere William can be here,—
Give him this ring—I had it from my dear,

IX.

“ ‘ My much-lov’d youth, when I my plighted vow
Exchang’d for his ; and I have kept it pure—
In this fond bosom it has laid till now ;
But death divides us, for I feel this hour
To be my last on earth ! Yes, I must leave
You all.—My dearest father, do not grieve ;
We part to meet again, I hope, at last.
This parting pang is cruel, but, when past,

X.

“ ‘ Strong hope inspires me we shall meet again.
My sainted mother’s spirit swims before
My aching eyes.—O we will wait with pain,
And many a look cast from the Stygian shore,
Till you, my father, and my William, join
Our spirits there—and then he will be mine !
Death can no more divide us—Oh ! I die
Content in this last hope.’—She clos’d her eye,

XI.

“ And never spoke again.” This mournful tale
He seem’d to hear, but answer he made none ;
His lip was dry—his cheek was deadly pale—
His cold brow mov’d no more than sculptur’d stone.
His fix’d eye gaz’d on Mary’s father long ;
He wept not—sigh’d not. In a moment, strong
Convulsions struck him to the cold stone floor ;
He dying fell, and word spoke never more !

SONG.

TUNE—"SLEEPING MAGGY."

I.

Bright this hour, and happy are we,
Cold care is fled away ;
Let no squeamish scruples bar thee,
But let pleasure rule to-day.
The life of man, 'tis but a span,
His earthly scene a passing gleam ;
Let us illumine each transient gloom
With love and friendship's sacred beam.

II.

Bright this hour, and happy are we,
Care is fled far, far away ;
Why should one bright moment scare thee ?
Who would grudge to make it twa' ?
The little birds upon each spray
Enjoy their loves without control ;
Why should not we, as well as they,
With love and music charm the soul ?

III.

Bright this hour, and happy are we,
Care, cold care, is now away ;
Let not social union scare thee,
But let all be blithe and gay.
And let not youth's soft moments fly,
But seize each hour that can be blest ;
When love beams bright in beauty's eye,
O strain the darling to thy breast.

IV.

Blithe this hour, and happy are we,
The canker care is now away ;
Let not one hour's pleasure mar thee,
Join, and we will make it twa'.
Young love was given that man may taste
The joy of angels here below ;
Then twine thine arms around her waist,
And in thy bosom let her grow.

V.

Blithe this hour, and happy are we,
Care dare never venture here ;
Why should wine and music scare thee ?
Love delights in social cheer.
And woman, lovely woman, still
The brightest gem this world affords,
Man's destiny must rule, and will,
In spite of earth's obdurate lords.

MONODY

ON THE LATE JOHN SEWELL, ESQ., COCKERMOUTH.

I.

Bold Sewell was a rambling boy,
A genius ever on the wing,
Pursuing fond ideal joy,
From whence oftimes will strangely spring,
To hearts like his, a secret sting.
And why kind feelings thus should bring
Rewards oft mix'd with pain's alloy,
Is not for me to say or sing.

II.

All lov'd him well, for all well knew
Within him liv'd a noble soul.
When kindred spirits, kind and true,
Met round the sparkling jovial bowl,
Generous and free, he spurn'd control ;—
The skies might gloom, the winds might howl,
Sewell was still in lively cue,
Let folly fret, or discord scowl.

III.

And he has left this world of pain—
Wing'd his bright way beyond our sphere ;—
Oh ! many a heart would leap again
With joy, with rapture, were he here !
To him all earthly joys or fear,
Pleasures and pain, now disappear ;
And we may sorrow's tears restrain—
Useless they fall on love's or friendship's bier.

IV.

Yet the full heart finds solace and relief,
To sigh a last adieu in tears and grief ;
The distant tomb, where Sewell silent lies,
Will draw from memory sorrow's deepest sighs.
Contemn not this lorn strain, ye men of steel—
Tho' yours are callous, other's hearts may feel ;
And think of Sewell in his narrow grave,
Where the rude waters of St. Lawrenceⁿ lave
The green banks, where his mould'ring body lies,
The worm's companion, till it greets the skies ;
And the last trumpet's sound shall it restore,
To join the deathless soul, to part no more.

STANZAS

TO A DEPARTED FRIEND, WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

I.

Whilst lingering on the bed of care,
None to watch o'er me, none to attend ;
Sickness my sole attendant there,
Ah ! where art thou, my sainted friend ?

II.

Doth thy blest spirit ever stray
From its ethereal home to greet me ?
What would thy angel spirit say,
Estrang'd, forsaken, thus to meet me ?

III.

When bless'd with health and spirits free,
My heart leapt high above all danger ;
Now grim-fac'd, stern adversity,
Hath left me in the world a stranger.

IV.

And those, who once in happier days
Partook my bowl, my board, my purse,
On my pale visage gloat and gaze,
As if my forehead bore the curse

V.

Of Cain upon it.—Well, 'tis done !
And I must brook this bitter doom ;
The fates for me have wove and spun
Their snaring nets in poison'd loom.

VI.

Let all the sordid sons of clay
Fold, hedgehog-like, their prickles round
A heartless carcase ; yet one day
The serfs themselves may bite the ground—

VII.

May feel their own misfortunes gall,—
For others' woe they never feel ;
But self!—touch self, and then they fall,
Bending their stubborn knees of steel.

VIII.

And they still bow to wealth and power,
And cringe and fawn—the caitiff hinds !
Time-serving slaves, who, every hour,
Expose their mean, their grovelling minds.

IX.

The grasping, harsh, unsparing hand,
That never uses power to bless ;
They stretch o'er all where they command,
Nor ever once relieve distress.

X.

The sea-snake's blood quite cold is found—
The zoophite lives without a heart ;
But are such monsters on the ground,
In shape of men ? Oh ! how the start

XI.

Of horror throbs through every vein,
To hear such question put ! alas !
Forbear, inhuman Muse ! restrain
Thy rage !—remember man is grass.

XII.

Well, I will let the question pass—
Let worm-remorse seek its own food ;
Whatever man or is, or was,
I wish that he were wise and good.

XIII.

This world is strange, and man is strange—
Women are stranger far than all ;
Alas ! what recreant spirits range
On this revolving earthly ball.

XIV.

What folly marks man's fleeting days !
What slanders poison his foul tongue !
Selfish and cruel all his ways !
The weak must bend beneath the strong.

XV.

Baseness in high-born lofty knaves
Disgusts the independent mind ;—
False hypocrites and lying slaves
Deserve the spurning of mankind.

XVI.

Gold is the god of faithless man ;—
How can the sum of crimes be told,
That, since this envious world began,
Sprung from the baneful thirst for gold.

XVII.

Women for gold have sold their love ;
For gold base man betrays his friend.—
Friendship and love to realms above
Are fled away.—Oh ! where's the end

XVIII.

Of man ? From sufferings here below,
Where shall he find a haven of rest ?
Where can the wandering hermit go ?
O what can calm his fluttering breast !

XIX.

The soothing hope, that heaven above
May prove at last his safe abode ;
Resting on his Creator's love—
With fervid voice he prays, that God,

XX.

The Father of creation, will
Take from his lips the cup of gall—
Remove from life its bitterest pill—
And pour his blessings over all.

XXI.

Celestial hope ! charmer of mind !
Infuse thy balmy influence here ;
Lighten the darkness of mankind,
And chase from weakness pallid fear.

XXII.

Strengthen the heart, that man may brave
The stern vicissitudes, that fall
Around his path, and when the grave
Draws its dark curtains round us all,—

XXIII.

Content, when life's hard race is run,
Thus to make room for younger men ;
Pleas'd if the acts, that have been done
By you, can gild your memory, when

XXIV.

Death's shade envelopes your cold clay—
And when men chance to glance around,
Haply some friend may, sighing, say—
He sleeps in peace beneath this mound.

XXV.

Fearless, his gentle spirit fled,
 Spiring with hope—that fleeting guest ;
This green sod marks the quiet bed,
 Where the poor pilgrim's relics rest.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I.

Arch love ! the vagrant ! where doth he lie ?
In Delia's warm heart, or melting eye ?
Love's in her snowy bosom swelling—
O how I envy him that dwelling !
If I were lodg'd, a favour'd lover there,
All on the earth—in water—through the air,
Could raise no envy in my happy breast—
Feasting on love, there I would ever rest.

II.

Who, sweet Delia, is the happy guest,
Doom'd to thy bosom, there to be blest—
Heart join'd in heart, till love's controul
Melts all into harmonies of soul.
Angels might envy joy like this, as when
They took fair daughters of the sons of men ;°
And from that union, rear'd a god-like race,
To people regions in celestial space.

SATIRICAL STANZAS

TO THE HORSE LEECH.

PROVERBS, chap. xxx., verse 15—"The Horse Leech hath two daughters—
crying Give, give."

I.

Prolific daughters they have been—their breed
Extends where earth extends, or ocean laves ;
Some men seem scions from their ancient seed,
Whose all-devouring maw for ever craves ;
And they would make all human beings slaves,
Among them riot, and devour at will.
And yet the hypocrites can fawn and preach,
Although pursuing the unwary still,
Sucking the vital blood, like the Horse Leech.

II.

'The hungry worm, that feeds on man's cold clay,
Fulfil's old nature's dictates, and devours
A lifeless carcase, meant to be its prey,
When the dark grave receives this form of ours,
And the last enemy strong man o'erpowers.
But while the vital streams thy body warm,
Beware of human reptiles ! they can reach,
And coil around thee with the serpent's charm,
And drink thy blood.—Beware the human Leech !

CRISPIN AND THE TRAVELLER.

A TALE.

I.

“ Good morrow, jolly Crispin ! I am glad
To find you stirring ; I have got a job.
At yonder inn there’s nothing to be had—
All are in bed. Yours is the only nob
That greets, with cheerful smiles, the early dawn—
That hails the healthful breezes o’er the lawn.
Although the sun will soon o’ertop the hill,
That frowns beyond yon towering castle’s spire,
How sweet the murmurings of the limpid rill
The happy thoughts of innocence inspire !”

II.

“ Yes, I am stirring, sure enough, God knows—
Old time wags strangely in this nether world ;
From morning’s dawn till sober evening’s close,
I’ll have nor jacket trimm’d, nor apron furl’d.
Here with the awl and lapstone I must tug,
Without one drop from glass or foaming jug ;

While Boniface, the landlord, swigs his fill—
 He drinks all day, and sleeps away the morn ;
 The squire's not happier on yon castle's hill,
 Though luxury his tables may adorn."

III.

" Well, Crispin, here's a crown to make you happy—
 Finish my job, then go, and get a pot ;
 You envy Boniface—go, taste his nappy ;
 If e'er again I chance to pass this spot,
 Another bright crown shall be paid,
 If you are at Saint Crispin's trade ;
 But envy not the landlord nor the squire,
 Yours is a healthier and a happier lot ;
 Enjoying health and strength, why more require ?—
 Here take your crown, and go and get your pot."

IV.

Few years had pass'd, the traveller came again—
 Remembering Crispin, he draws to the inn,
 Sends for the shoemaker across the plain,—
 He comes, with jocund face and lively grin.—
 " Well, Crispin, how goes trade ? I see you're well.
 And how's the squire and Boniface ? Come, tell."
 " Lord ! sir, they've both been buried a good bit ;
 The squire got both the gout and gravel, so they said ;
 And Boniface died of an apple-exick fit—
 Hows'ever both have been a good bit dead."

V.

“Hah ! sapient Crispin, when I last was here,
You seem’d to envy these two neighbours. Now
You see things are not still as they appear
To superficial observation. How
Thankful you should be for strength and health !—
These, with contentment, far transcend all wealth.
Had you been as your wealthy neighbours were,
Like them you would have had an early tomb ;
Crispin, when sinking in the fatal snare,
Too late would see his error and his doom.”

VI.

“No, no ! good friend,” the man of straps replied ;
“The landlord still swigg’d brandy. Brandy-drinking
Burnt all his inside out, and then he died.
I drinks cold rum, quite pleasant to my thinking.—
Don’t you likes rum ? The squire, he was a fellow
That took to wenching, and with wine got mellow.
I sticks to rum, and sparkling lively ale ;
Drinking is then a werry different thing.
If you’ll stick fast to them, you’ll never fail,
But, like Jack Crispin, drink, and laugh, and sing.”

VII.

Jack Crispin’s is a very common case ;
Man sees his neighbour’s stumbling-block quite plain,
Although his own is clear, as nose on face ;
Yet he keeps stumbling o’er and o’er again,

And ever lays the blame upon some other thing.
Man always errs—he can no judgment bring
Correct in his own case, but still deceives
Himself—none else ; for all can see
His neighbour's foible—but who e'er believes
Himself as great a knave or fool can be ?

THE NIGHT WIND.

A MONITORY MONOLOGUE.

I.

Black son of Boreas ! midnight blast !
How withering thy cold poisoning breath !
Poor invalids, pale and aghast,
Recoil from thee, as from grim death.

II.

And many a fair nymph, young and gay,
Pursuing fond love's chaste delight,
Hath charm'd the light wing'd hours away,
Through the dank gloom of hazy night ;

III.

Nor deem'd that deadly poison falls,
From midnight air, on tender lungs—
Cold dews distil, thick vapour rolls,
Unheeded 'mid love's syren songs.

IV.

Dancing invites, and music's charm
Breathes still a magic influence there ;
Youth has no fear, nor dread of harm,
But woos the cooling breezy air.

V.

When heated by the mystic whirl
Of waltzing, or the light quadrille,
The artless, unsuspecting girl,
Courts thy cold kiss, nor dreams of ill.

VI.

Short time revolves ere she will feel
A cord drawn tight around the breast;
Her cheek, pulse, cough, and voice, reveal
The agony of deep distress.

VII.

Seeds of consumption, now sown deep,
Are rooted from that fatal day;
Awhile the canker-worm may sleep,
But soon or late it brings decay.

VIII.

And beauty fades, and droops, and dies,
Like a fair lily prostrate laid;
Death seals in darkness brightest eyes—
Love-beaming eyes of youthful maid.

IX.

And friends are weeping o'er the bier,—
A youth is there, that cannot weep;
The grave devours all he held dear—
His heart's mute anguish, O how deep!

X.

Tears are denied to grief like his—
The waveless surface of his soul
Freezes to icy smoothness.— This
Is cruel pain, thus to controul,

XI.

And sternly combat man's own heart !—
Tears are relieving showers of grief ;
But when despair wounds every part,
Tears cannot flow, nor yield relief.

XII.

O fly the night wind's cruel blast !
Expose not life for midnight joys !
Before mild evening hours are pass'd,
Retire from cares, fatigue, and noise.

XIII.

Where kind domestic friends prepare
Bright scenes of pleasing revelry,
Let innocence and love be there,
And music yield sweet minstrelsy.

XIV.

And health, and peace, and sweet content,
Will charm the cheerful hours away :
These calm, delightful joys were sent,
To smooth life's rough, eventful day.

XV.

Tempt not the pains of pale disease—
Grasp solid pleasure, sterling joy ;
Reverse not nature's pure decrees—
Embrace not folly's base alloy.

XVI.

Then through whatever scenes you go,
In this dark vale of tears and sighs,
The guileless heart must ever know
A secret bliss, that never dies.

XVII.

While whispering conscience speaks within,
Cheering the soul through every gloom—
Sweet monitor, that guards from sin,
And guides man from the fearful doom,

XVIII.

Pronounc'd by nature's powerful God
Against offending, sinful man.—
Before thy Creator's chast'ning rod,
Bow to the Deity, whose plan,

XIX.

Inscrutable, mocks the weak power
Of man—presuming, reckless worm ;
Puerile pedant of an hour,
Bend thy stiff neck, nor tempt the storm.

XX.

Can man's best genius guide one star
That wanders through the milky way?
Or leady the fiery meteor's car,
Ruling the glorious orb of day?

XXI.

Can man create one single mite—
One grain of sand upon the shore?
Produce one ray of radiant light?
O no!—Then worship and adore

XXII.

The Being, that created all
This universe; approach with awe;
Before his high tribunal fall;
And pledge thy soul to keep his law.

EPITAPH

ON JOSEPH HARRINSON, WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE
RIVER HOOGLY, A NAVIGABLE ARM OF THE GANGES,
AND BURIED AT CALCUTTA.

I.

Beneath this stone entomb'd, a youth lies sleeping,
Whose friends afar for him have bitter weeping ;
Bursting hearts for him are swell'd, and swelling,
Far from his last dark, dreary dwelling !
Dearly esteem'd by all who knew him well,
His worth, his genius, were by all confess'd ;
His father's, master's, shipmates' tears, will tell
He most was lov'd by those who knew him best.

II.

The father's hope, the master's generous pride,
Sunk with the youth in Hoogly's envious tide,
Like a fair shadow, or a pleasing dream ;
And memory dwells upon that cruel stream
In mournful thought—and the young sailor gone
For ever.—Friends can only rear this stone—
A fond memorial, a last tribute paid,
To youthful genius in cold ashes laid.

III.

Then, Christian stranger, lonely wand'ring here,
Drop on his tomb one sympathising tear ;
The youthful heart that moulders here below,
Hath often shed salt tears for other's woe.
Rich hopes dwelt on him, wishes fond and kind—
Alas ! all these on earth no more remain !
One only hope his friends have not resign'd—
The hope that heaven's joy he may yet attain.

MARTEXT AND THUMPCUSHION;

OR, CRISPIN'S WEDDING.

A Tale, founded on fact.

I.

Jack Crispin was a lively blade,
So blithe, so free, and jolly,
And he had woo'd a lovely maid,
The sweet-lipp'd, youthful Molly.
Bold Jack had woo'd, and Molly frown'd,
Twelve months of changing weather;
Moll would not yield till he was bound,
Tied fast in Hymen's tether.

II.

For Jack was like the roving bee,
That wings o'er mead and mountain;
That woos each sweet shrub, flower, and tree,
Then flies to pleasure's fountain.
But charming Molly chain'd the youth,
And constant at eve's gloaming,
He pour'd fresh vows of love and truth,
And went no longer roaming.

III.

Long winter nights were coming on—
Jack tir'd of youthful scheming,
Night after night in bed alone,
On buxom Molly dreaming ;
Resolv'd to end this restless state—
Grown desperate, he would venture,
Take blooming Molly for his mate,
And Hymen's regions enter.

IV.

The day was fix'd the ring procur'd,
And kinsfolk all invited ;
Priest told and clerk, and all secur'd,
That they might be united.
And when that lingering morning came,
Jack grinn'd, and Moll smil'd cheerly ;
Their youthful hearts, love's hottest flame,
Was scorching most severely.

V.

The clock struck ten, arrived at church—
The clerk aghast, pale with dismay,
Told Jack and Moll they'd got the lurch—
Martext the parson was away.
“ Away ! away, until to-morrow—
Away !” cried Jack, “ by heavens we'll wed !
Amen, be off, and try to borrow
Thumpcushion, or I'll break your head.”

VI.

Off went the clerk at top of speed,
And fortune, as if wishing
To serve the parties in their need,
Thumpcushion he found fishing.
And in great haste the pair returned—
The borrow'd parson went in glee ;
Thumpcushion thought Jack's ardour burn'd
So fierce, he'd have a jovial spree.

VII.

The church they gain'd, the surplice on,
Suspence on tip-toe panting ;
The bride stands blushing close by John—
The books alone are wanting.—
“ The registers are in the box,—
Hand out the books, clerk, if you please.”
“ Ye gods ! old Martext always locks
The iron chest, and keeps the keys.”

VIII.

The bride turn'd pale, the bridegroom red,
Emotion held all voices mute ;—
“ Parson,” cries Jack, “ we must be wed !”
“ Wait—I'll soon settle this dispute !”
He vanish'd quick, as lightning's flash,
But in a moment he was back ;
And on the iron lid a crash
Fell from the crow-arm'd hand of Jack.

IX.

The parson pray'd he would desist—
The clerk seiz'd hold of hand and crow ;
But Jack's strong arm and brawny fist
Upon the floor laid Amen low.
Amazement seiz'd all hands, and fear
Made every cheek, but Jack's, turn blue ;
All silent stood, till his loud cheer
Announc'd the books, expos'd to view.

X.

“ There !” cries our hero of shoe-leather,
“ The registers are there, good folks ;
Thumpcushion now may fix our tether—
I think we've ended all our jokes.
And business now may well begin ;—
Come, Moll, I'll stick like wax to thee !
What makes the sporting parson grin ?—
Play no buffoonery on me !”

XI.

The parson was a jeering blade—
Feign'd sympathy and mimic sorrow ;
Told Jack, Moll must remain a maid,
Past all remede, until to-morrow.
The enemy, relentless time,
Had touch'd the hour upon the dial ;
And rubrick's rules would make it crime, •
Null too in law, to wed this trial.

XII.

To persevere would be rank folly,
Yet they might have their wedding dinner ;
He felt for both, but most for Molly—
'Twas plain Jack was a harden'd sinner:
And disappointment's punishment
Fell on his head for sins and crime ;
Crosses like these to man were sent,
To check base passions in their prime.

XIII.

" Ye prating, poaching priest," cried Jack ;
You have fine lingo at disposal.—
By this right arm your crown I'll crack,
Unless you close with my proposal.
Dine with our party, swear we're wed—
To-morrow we can tie the knot ;
To-night we mount the bridal bed.—
Swear this, or never leave this spot !

XIV.

" Moll, my sweet wife, depend on me,
And, neighbours, keep this secret smug ;
Sir clerk, if one word comes from thee,
I'll stitch close up that grinning mug !
This must be done ! come, no demurs !
I'll swear you all, priest, clerk, and maid,
• Or none from this holy altar stirs—
Our secret shall not be betray'd !"

XV.

Jack scar'd the crew, and all swore plain,
Nor lip nor tongue would ever tell;
Poor Moll's heart throbb'd with anxious pain,
Wishing that all was o'er, and well—
The day pass'd gaily—glee and fun,
With roast-beef dinner, punch till dark;
Moll smil'd demure as any nun—
The priest sung catches with the clerk.

XVI.

And now the witching time of night
Drew on apace; poor Moll look'd queer—
The secret kept, and all was right;
Yet her cheek blanch'd—a trembling tear
Was springing in her bright blue eye.
Jack saw, and in love's tenderest tone,
Kissing the tear-wash'd eye-lid dry,
Told his young bride, the morning's dawn

XVII.

Would test his love, and prove it true.—
“Seldom was love so dearly prov'd
As thine, my Moll; yet wouldst thou rue,
And doubt if this fond heart has lov'd?”
In softest strain he sooth'd the maid,
Till priest and guests retir'd.—When gone,
The stocking thrown, young Moll was laid,
By the young bride-maids, all alone.

XVIII.

And what became of Jack that night,
My tale presumes not here to tell ;
But the next morn's returning light
Found Moll and Jack alive and well.
Found Martext also in his cell—
Sorry that he should make such blunder ;
And they were wedded, and now dwell,
Like Darby and Joan, nor ever sunder.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1837.

Occasioned by the sudden death of a Young Lady.

I.

O darkly dawns the infant year,
Where hopeless sorrow sighs !
And O it is a scalding tear
That swells a parent's eyes,
When youth—when beauty dies ;
When death steals, like a thief unseen,
And cuts life's tender ties
In youth, and drops his horrid screen !

II.

Ah ! Death ! poor nature's cruel bane,
Thou sweep'st mankind away ;
Some sink by slow consuming pain—
Some vanish in a day.
Who here could wish to stay
For ever in this world of woe,
Where knaves and fools have sway,
And rule o'er struggling life below.

III.

We rise each gloomy morn to weep,
And mourn o'er Hannah's doom.—
When she, sweet maid, wakes from her sleep,
Beyond the silent tomb,
She'll think upon her home,
And wish her friends could share the joys
Of heaven with her, nor roam
Vainly on earth, for bliss without alloys.

IV.

Upon the last eventful day,
When man from death shall rise—
Shall see the Saviour's power display
His mercy in the skies—
Sweet Hannah's angel eyes
Will open with seraphic love,
If her dear friends arise,
To meet her in the realms above.

LIFE'S CARES.

AN ODE.

I.

The puny infant, born to cares,
Even in the womb breeds care and pains;
The mother's careful hand prepares
For early wants, and life sustains.

II.

Man's offspring in the cradle calls
For woman's care, divided thought;
When boyhood comes, the father falls
Heir to the cares, his child has brought

III.

Into the world.—His charge begins
With school-boy duties of the son;
Strange yarns of care the boy now spins—
His own cares, also, are begun.

IV.

To cares of boyhood, youth succeeds,
And multiplies the cares of life;
And many a beating bosom bleeds
O'er secret cares, and even strife.

V.

For youth and age can not agree—
The young eye drinks a different light ;
Ag'd man, grown wilful, cannot see
What youth's quick eye deems clear and right.

VI.

They part.—The youth becomes a man.
He feels his own importance now—
Spurns at all cares, and forms a plan
Of life, without a care. Cares bow

VII.

To him. The young man takes a wife.—
O'er scenes of love what sun-beams play !
Man fears no pains nor cares of life,
Till after first love's bridal-day.

VIII.

But now a son to *him* is born ;
Now he first feels a father's care ;
Now his firm heart feels care's sharp thorn ;
The world lies now expos'd and bare

IX.

To his keen eye. He wonders how
Things, now so plain, were hid before ;
Care wrinkles his once placid brow,
And sorrow wrings his bosom's core.

X.

Time still increases care, and brings
To man, in slow consuming age,
Unnumber'd cares, whose venom'd stings
Wound saint, knave, savage, fool, and sage.

XI.

And care at last brings man to death—
Stretches him cold in sorrow's grave ;
Chok'd with life's cares, man yields his breath—
Born, lives, and dies, care's fool and slave.

LIFE'S JOYS.

AN ODE.

I.

A babe is born—then woman's joy
Flows a full tide, and pleasing thought
Fills her soft bosom, when a boy,
To crown connubial bliss, is brought.

II.

Maternal joy beams in her eye,
When she presents a blooming child
To its young father—his calm joy
Looks heavenly, as if angels smil'd

III.

With him, on babe and youthful wife ;
His warm heart swims in streams of joy ;
Paternal pleasures sweeten life,
Charm his rapt soul, and never cloy.

IV.

Thomson the poet well describes
The pleasing task, to teach the young—
The parent's joy, as youth imbibes
The moral of the poet's song.

V.

Joy nerves the pulse and cheers the heart
Of son and sire, as youth proceeds
In paths of learning, that impart
Incitements strong to virtuous deeds.

VI.

Soon the impassion'd spark sets fire
To love's light tinder in the breast ;
The tender flame of young desire
Burns into love—then youth is blest.

VII.

Young love's delight, new, undefin'd,
Brings unnam'd feelings of the soul ;
Pours a sweet cordial on the mind ;
Intoxicating joys controul

VIII.

The human heart. To paint the joy
That floats along youth's swelling veins,
No words that poet can employ—
No polish'd phrase—no melting strains—

IX.

No language can express the truth,—
To know pure love, it must be felt ;
'Tis felt but once, in early youth.—
Alas ! too soon its pleasures melt

X.

Into thin air.—I sing of joy,
Though vagrant muses soon forget
The theme the poet would employ ;
They haul him in their silken net,

XI.

Away even from his own design ;
Like love, the Muse despotic reigns.—
I have no more controul o'er mine,
'Than a spoil'd tyrant mistress deigns

XII.

To grant her lover. Strange that power,
Beyond controul, once made supreme !—
Mark ! from that inauspicious hour
Joy fades, like Luna's waning beam.

XIII.

No ! firm resolve finds virtue's joy
A sweet companion on the way
Of life, beneath each varying sky.—
Let nature's awful lightnings play

XIV.

Along the world's expanding scenes,
The guiltless bosom fears no harm ;
Its shield of innocence still screens
From coward fear, and guilt's alarm.

XV.

Man in this world, in every stage,
May tune his heart to hymns of joy ;
From youth to slow-declining age,
Heaven's bounty he may well employ.

XVI.

Take meek humility his guide,
Contentment, too, heaven's sweetest child ;
By them all wants are still supplied,
Even in this world's dreary wild.

XVII.

If temperate, health would bless mankind,
And yield each earthly blessing here,
That Heaven's creating power design'd
For man, in this imperfect sphere.

XVIII.

Calm joy will bless, if man, resign'd,
Resting on his Redeemer's love,
Will cast no lingering looks behind,
But soar to purest joys above.

XIX.

Even death's rude stroke, resign'd, he'll meet,
With resignation's fervent prayer—
Flying on hope's wing to the feet
Of Jesus, in the realms of air,

XX.

Of light and love, of joy and truth,
Where evil passions are unknown ;
Where virtue finds immortal youth,
With the world's Saviour on his throne.

INDOLENCE.

A RHAPSODY.

O indolence, man's deadly bane !
I long to blast thy tyrant's reign !
Had my weak muse bold Pindar's power,
I'd crush thy influence from this hour !
Thou magnet's charm, that chains the soul,
On every side thy victims howl !
Thou sloth-engender'd, crawling toad !
Thou mind-controlling, cruel load !
That burdens man like tons of lead,
Till each foot sinks at every tread,
When, prostrate in thy slime and mire,
His spirit dies, his joys expire.
Thou coiling snake ! thy mazy folds
Twine round the human frame. Thou holds
Man's sinewy arm unnerv'd, till time
Sends him oblivion's misty clime.
Thy dungeons there receive him. Then
He meets the scorn and scowls of men.

M

Yet he still feels, though sunk so deep
In thy dark regions ; and can weep
O'er scenes that memory gilds, though fled,
For ever gone. His weary head
Aches at the thought of his own folly,
Till self-tormenting melancholy
Turns his red blood to rheum and bile ;
Then like the victim on some pile,
Bound to the stake, and left to die,
The world all gazing careless by,
His own the only tear-wash'd eye,
He envies then the scorpion's sting—
His soul pants for the eagle's wing,
To soar into the skies away,
Far from the scornful sons of clay ;
Longs for a draught of Lethe's stream,
To end life's mind-tormenting dream.
He'd clasp torpedoes to his heart,
To sooth its pain, and ease the smart ;
Would death even throw his keenest dart,
And free him from himself, how deep,
And sound, and sweet would be his sleep !
O indolence ! this comes from thee !
Thy poison, like the upas tree,
Spreads around death's cruel sting.—
Where upas grow, birds on the wing
Fall dead, while soaring, but they die
Unstain'd by crimes or infamy ;

While many a victim at thy shrine,
For crimes are often doom'd to pine,
In durance vile ; at last we see
Them die, a sacrifice to thee.
Pure indolence and careless thought
To infamy men oft have brought ;
Forgetting laws of man and God,
They shame a scaffold, like poor Dodd.
For pity dwells not on the earth—
Pure, meek-ey'd maid of heavenly birth.
The wretched here are ne'er forgiven—
Mercy, sweet angel, lives in heaven.
Our arctic skies congeal her tears—
They freeze to ice where man appears.
Upon his face of bronze and brass
No shades of sympathy can pass ;
His muscles move no more than stone,
Unless the wiry nerves are drawn,
That lead to his own bloodless heart.
The craven then perchance may start,
For man's heart warms himself alone—
A tyrant on a despot's throne.
Men are born now with iron souls—
O'er them life's storm unheeded howls ;
Shelter'd themselves beneath their rock,
Poor pilgrims on life's main they mock.
The callous casing nature gave,
Screens them from the squalls, that rave

Around the heads of helpless crowds,
That brave the whirlwinds in the shrouds
Of nature's bark, on life's rough tide,
Where thousands, naked, weep and ride,
Till some rude blast, or tumbling wave,
Sends the poor wretch a watery grave.
No life-boat launch'd to bear him to the shore—
The surge o'erwhelms—he sinks, to rise no more !

SONG.

TUNE—"MY ONLY JOE AND DEARY O."

I.

I met young Delia in a grove,
Where lofty oaks were growing ;
The birds were singing songs of love—
The hawthorn blossoms blowing.
My heart was leaping at the sight,
Almost to strangling with delight—
A sweet, angelic sylph of light—
And all alone to find her O.

II.

The opening rose-bud's brightest hue,
Her cheeks' soft blushes far outvied,
As round her waist my arms I threw,
And kiss'd her ruby lips, and cried—
"What happy chance, to make me blest,
In all thy native beauties drest,
Hath led thee here, thou lovely guest,
And lovelier still, if kinder O ?

III.

" Now here, where echo's tuneful voice
Resounds along this shelt'ring grove,
To greet young spring's returning joys,
We'll taste the sweet delights of love.
Within this green-embowering shade,
Let our soft vows of love be paid ;—
I'll kneel to receive thine, gentle maid,
And kiss till thou grows kinder O.

IV.

" Yon bower, where eglantine unites
With wild rose-blossoms sweet and fair ;
Its mossy bank our love invites—
I'll lead my Delia gently there ;
And show her all my stores of love—
Millions are nothing—far above
All numbers my fond feelings rove !
Then, Delia, kiss !—kiss kinder O !"

V.

She lean'd her cheek upon my arm,
And rais'd her eyes of tender blue ;
The timid smile of love's alarm
Into my gazing eyes she threw.—
" If Strephon wants a warmer kiss,
A softer lip than this, and this,
Let Hymen light our torch of bliss,
And Delia will kiss kinder O."

VI.

“ Then bend thy slender virgin knee—
 Invoke the smiling, nuptial god ;
I'll bind my heart and soul to thee,
 Before him on this mossy sod.—
To-morrow be our bridal-day.
Delia ! consent without delay.”—
“ No ! this shall be our bridal-day”—
 She sobb'd, and kiss'd me kinder O !

SONG.

TUNE—"THE LEA RIGG."

I.

Old grey-beard sages, worn with time,
Say this cold world belongs to care,
And lecture young cheils in their prime,
Of his rude man-traps to beware.
Should his dark phiz e'er come this way,
We'll make old wrinkler mellow ;
Awhile with us let his careship stay—
He soon will be a careless fellow.

II.

While youthful hearts are beating strong,
For woman's love and hunting ;
While thus we drink, and chant the song,
What joys to us are wanting ?
Let social glee and mirth abound—
Our sporting friends around us ;
When pleasure charms with horn and hound,
Grim care can never wound us.

III.

We, hunters, love the morning air,
To rouse the game, and scour the plain ;
The chase once o'er, we then repair,
Our sparkling Burgundy to drain.
And when arrives the witching hour,
The sportsman's eye shines cheerly,
To meet her in love's secret bower,
The maid he loves most dearly.

IV.

Then let the generous cup go round—
Enjoy young pleasure ere he flies ;
Toast each stout hunter and good hound—
A bumper fill to ladies' eyes.
The fires of love from them can warm
The coldest and the sternest heart.—
Let sportsmen drink, and women charm—
Care on the winds will soon depart.

BRANTHWAITE HALL.

A POEM OF THE FEUDAL TIMES.

CANTO I.

I.

Old tower ! thy grey walls bring to mind the times
Long vanish'd, and thy hoary head sublimed
The scene where Marron,^p murmuring, swims along,
A silv'ry stream, but all unknown to song.
No poet tells how Marron's stream of yore,
Had heroes bleeding on its winding shore ;
What feudal thanes on its green margin stood,
Fighting for life and limb, where Hollin's wood^a
Waves the tall oak and sycamore, that spread
Wide-stretching branch, and many a tow'ring head.
High Calva's round-topp'd hill^r has often seen
The foeman fighting on the Castle's green,^s
Or sloping knolls, where blossom'd broom-shrubs grow,
And Cornflatt's water's join'd to Marron's flow—

A clear trout stream, where brandlings sport and play,
Their bright scales glittering in the solar ray ;
Where finny tribes oft yield the angler sport,
If at their feeding hour he'll there resort.
Old Ewelock dale, and Storebank's lonely wood,^t
Were often purpled with the hostile blood ;
Clifton's dark valleys round the Chapel Hill,
And tangling thickets down by Harry Gill,^v
Too often shelter'd Scotia's warlike bands,
Who came to pour destruction o'er the lands.
The neighb'ring Scots war's murd'ring carnage brought
To peaceful plains, in feudal times, and wrought
Destruction's work, with claymore and with brand ;
And midnight fires, rais'd by the wild brigand, }
Through the west marches of old Cumberland, }
Oft left at morn a smoking ruin, where
The night before the sheltering cot stood fair—
The inmates robb'd, and stain'd with their own gore,
And left to die—mark'd savage times of yore.
What contrast now the rural cot displays !
Peace and the Union gild our happier days.
The rose and thistle peaceful now are join'd,
And Ireland's green shamrock placidly entwin'd ;
United, and as one, the nations blend,
And the dire discords of dark ages end—
The bless'd result of Christian knowledge, spread
By heaven's own messengers. The fountain-head

Of useful learning from the Scriptures, pours
Divine instruction o'er those isles of ours.
Thrice-happy we ! in this enlighten'd age,
When science and the arts all minds engage—
Extend the views of man beyond his sphere—
Diffusing peace and cheerful comforts here.
No feudal thane now rules beyond the law—
Fair truth and justice hand in hand now go.
'Tis true some ancient tramels still remain,
But virtue, join'd to power, will wipe their stain
Away.

Justice our code promulgates full and free—
Our law stands lofty like the shelt'ring tree,
The noble oak, sole monarch of the grove,
Shielding the birds that fly, the beasts that rove.
Happy Britannia ! knowledge rules thy helm ;
No faction can thy lofty bark o'erwhelm ;
Vanish'd the time when faction's head and hand
Could carry falsehood through the suffering land.
Truth and conviction only can prevail—
All selfish tactics in the State now fail,
Like feudal times, gone never to return,—
Vanish'd for aye beyond time's misty bourne ;
No more oppression's curse shall pity mourn.
In those dark times, the western warders then
Well knew the prowess of the Branthwaite men ;
When Scotland's bold marauding chieftains came
To rob and plunder, like devouring flame ;

Their summons still for help and succour flew
To Branthwaite Hall, where Skelton, firm and true,
Was foremost still to check the murdering crew.
A valiant band w the warrior chieftain led,
Inur'd to war, and all to battle bred :
The Robinsons, with big John at their head,—
Watsons and Woods, fought without fear or dread ;
Pearsons and Greggs were true, and never fled ;
Ritsons and Rudds, the Hinds and Fishers too,
Wilsons and Walkers went, a valiant crew ;
The Steels and Thompsons follow'd Skelton's tent ;
Fearons and Fawcetts, Greens and Normans went ;
Sanctons and Sims, the Allinsons and Dixons ;
The Tomlinsons, and Nicholsons, and Nixons ;
Leathes took Lancasters to battle-field,—
Kendals and Coopers, never known to yield ;
The Harrinsons, with Harris as their chief,
All went, tall heroes, from their mountain fief.
The Sandersons, and all the Pows, and Drape,
Sallied from Clifton—few could them escape ;
Tom Spark and Emerson, renown'd for speed,
With old Bill Mayson—oft made Scotsmen bleed.
Fletchers and Flemings, Dickinsons went too,—
The Banks and Blacks, or kill'd or scar'd a few.
The Heads were never hindmost, and Smith Tom
(Swainson his name) was never absent from
The field of fight, when honour could be won ;
He had his share with Miles, his younger son.

The Bells and Bowmen full-yard arrows drew,
And Scotsmen fell, still as their weapons flew.
The chronicles of Branthwaite Hall are stor'd
With deeds of valour of its ancient lord,
And the bold yeomanry, at his command,
In driving back invaders from the land—
The Scots still fled before the conquering band ; }
And many a legend tells of battles won—
Tales of old times descend from sire to son.
Succeeding ages still delight to trace
The fame and honours of their ancient race,
And strive to emulate those deeds of fame,
To gain fresh laurels, and preserve their name.
Bright in the annals of their native land,
Whene'er their country's interests demand .
Their aid, the native youth soon fires,
With ardent souls, to emulate their sires
Of old, whose powerful arms were strong
In fight. And bards, inspir'd with runic song,
Oft tun'd wild music to the vocal shell,
And sung of deeds their ancient legends tell.
Hall of old time ! a well-remember'd tale
Inspires the Muse, oft told within thy pale,
O'er shepherd's sighs, and village maid's bewail ;
Told of the ancient times, when horrid war
Swept the wide country, and left many a scar
On warrior's brow ; and many a bitter tear,
Wept for the vanquish'd in war's wild career,

Check'd the triumphant band, whose victory
Was ever stain'd with crimes and cruelty.

II.

September winds had blown their storms away,
And brown October brought the short'ning day ;
Yet autumn's sun a lengthen'd summer brought—
The skies were clear and mild ; you would have thought
The radiant orb, that rules and gilds the day,
Reluctant left the isles. His lingering ray
Stain'd with soft purple and rich crimson dyes
Britannia's mountains, and the western skies
Glow'd beautiful at eve. Again each morn,
Aurora, peeping from the East, seem'd borne
On rainbows of phosphoric waves so bright,
Suns seem'd dissolving in pure streams of light,
And raining lustres from Sol's splendid car
O'er the tall mountain tops. Each craggy scar
Reflected from its spiring, gilded rocks,
The glancing rays. The white wooll'd, feeding flocks,
Again threw back the overpowering light,
Till the eyes, aching, turn'd from the glittering height,
To green meads stretching by the lake's deep floods,
And varying foliage of the waving woods.
At Branthwaite Hall the season was so fair,
That richest harvests crown'd the clansman's care ;
The crops and fruits were gather'd in, and cur'd ;
The peats and fire-wood dried, and well secur'd ;

The bacon salted for the winter's board,
And beef and sheep-hams plentifully stor'd.
And big John's dame of that year's dairy told
A double portion; and the barnkin's^x fold
Was well defended, all around the wall—
A row of largest cobbles laid; and all
The cattle sheds within the barnkin, too,
With strong oak doors were all repair'd, or new;
The bolts and bars of toughest iron made,
To guard secure, should warlike foes invade.
And all was finish'd.—Now the warrior race
Prepare their hounds and bowmen for the chase—
A chosen band, to hunt the flying deer,
O'er moorland and mountain, with fleet hound and spear,
Through Copeland forest,^y where the red stag bounds
High on the cliffs, where even the stoutest hounds
Are baffled, nor can any footing find;
And yet the wild stag and the bounding hind
Leap o'er the rocks and deep ravines, and fly
To secret coverts, where secur'd they lie,
Mocking the hunter's efforts and his hounds,
On the high tops, their own exclusive grounds,
Where only they, the squirrel, and wild cats breed,
Laughing at bowmen and their hounds of speed.

III.

The horn winds loud from Branthwaite's tall watch-tower,
Bowmen are gathering at th' appointed hour—

Spearman all following, graith'd from top to toe,
Prepar'd for hunting, or to meet the foe.
All are now crowding in the vaulted hall,
Well arm'd, and ready at their chieftain's call ;—
Their chieftain comes, and greets the welcome band,
Then waves in feudal pride his warrior hand ;
That instant all are silent, bent to hear
Their leader's order.—Thus it strikes the ear :—
“ To-day, for Copeland ; and in peace we go,
To chase the wild deer and the bounding roe ;
The Millom Thane^a and Ponsonby^{aa} we meet—
As friends and comrades we the chieftains greet.
And here I charge, let no old grudge or broil
Be now remember'd on the sporting soil
Of Copeland ; free with heart and hand, we go
To breed no discord, nor to strike one blow,
In hostile warfare.—Keep this order well :
The man that breaks it I'll his fortune tell,
Expound his fate, and execute the law—
Justice, in this right arm, shall strike the blow,
And maul the wretch that violates command ;
He meets chastisement from this arm and hand.
Spearman ! to Thornholm^{bb} wood you must repair ;
At Scalderscaw,^{cc} the bowmen muster there ;
The Millum archers meet you there, and wait
Till the horns echo down below far Thwaite.^{dd}
Dispersing, then, all take their chance of game.
Then, bowmen, lose not your acknowledg'd fame ;

Before the Millum men display your skill.
We meet at five upon the Bleng Tongue Hill^{ee}—
The common rendezvous, that green top's height—
To fix our plans, and billet for the night.
Through Ennerdale, and by the Water-Head,
The bowmen go, by young John Watson led.
I'll take the spearmen over Dent^{er} with me—
And down to Hail, to meet Miles Ponsonby.
There we start hunting—Green will take the hounds,
And Harry Fearon hunts the terriers; Copeland grounds
Abound with wild cats, martins, and the fox
Oft lurks among Hail's sheltering woods and rocks.
Smith Tom, with big John Robinson, remains
To guard the barnkin—'twill reward the pains
They took in fight, to blacken eyes that wore,
From nature's hand, hues dark enough before.
Look and admire the livery they display—
With four black eyes they'll ogle through the day.
Their broil began through Jenny, Tom's lean wife,
Whose shrill tongue still fomented domestic strife;
In the west tower the vixen lies confin'd—
To feed his dark-skin'd spouse, Tom stops behind,
On bread and water. She shall there remain,
Till we return from Copeland's sporting plain.
And, Tom, mark this! if hot domestic flame
Kindles again from thy old restless dame,—
By her long neck she hangs^{es} from yonder tower.
We'll have no broils at home.—Away! the hour
Arrives—we go!"

IV.

The Hall is empty—all, but Tom and John,
Are on their sporting way ; those two alone
Are left to guard the women and the Hall—
To watch alternate nights, and man the wall.
These two, who late in fistic combat stood
Oppos'd, and fighting, stain'd with sweat and blood,
Sulky and silent, both retiring, leave
At different doors. Tom's brawny shoulders heave,
Like smithy bellows, with the deep-drawn sigh,
As the tall watch-tower meets his scowling eye,
Where Jenny lies, his restless, scolding wife—
The torment still of Tom's unhappy life.
He bends his way towards the crow-park gate,
Growling low curses on his confin'd mate.—
“ O Jenny ! sure some demon rules thy will—
Some fiend incarnate, bent on mischief still.
O strange the change old time has made on thee !
A time I've seen, when one soft word from me
Was Jenny's law ; then no demur was made.
But now, the toothless, useless, reckless jade,
So wilful and mischievous grown—she'll bring
Her neck or mine into a strangling string.
Our chieftain's order rules as law still here,—
For women's tongue man often pays full dear ;
Women breed mischief ever where they can ;
The devil rules them, and no powers of man

Can keep them quiet." Thus poor Tom complain'd,
Till round the corner he the crow-park^{hh} gain'd,
Where the tall elm, the sycamore, and oak,
The lofty ash, that ne'er knew woodman's stroke ;
A giant grove o'er-canopied that field,
For beasts a shelter, and for rooks a bield,
Whose sooty wings, in myriads as they flew,
Blacken'd each shadow, and it darker grew,
As their unnumber'd, noisy family sail'd
Around the crow-park, and your ears assail'd
With cawing discords, screaming through the air.
All ears were stunn'd, all voices stifled there—
For grumbling Tom a fitting solitude,
Suiting his musing, melancholy mood ;
To breathe in solitary gloom his sighs,
Hide his chagrin from human ears and eyes.
But vain man's flight to woody shade or grove,
To fly from pangs of friendship or of love—
From griefs and sorrows incident to him,
Whose cup of care fills always to the brim ;
And he the bitter chalice still must drain,
Drink his own tears, to weep them o'er again.
And Tom roam'd listless up the Stockbeck brook,
Twining around the crow-park's winding nook ;
Wondering he views the tall oak in that glade,
Itself a forest, a wide sheltering shade.
Musing abstractedly, the smith walk'd on,
Till plump at the large oak he met tall John.

Both stood awhile ; then Tom stretch'd out his hand
In reconciliation.—“ In our chieftain's band,
There lives no comrade I esteem like thee ;
Then wherefore, big John, should we disagree.—
Curse on these women ! my old crooked wife
I blame for recent broils and bloody strife ;
The devil rules her, and she means to bring
Herself, or me, or Miles, a halter's swing.
I bear no enmity ; this hand I give
A pledge of friendly feeling ; let us live
In peace and social union, as good friends—
Between us here, then, hostile rancour ends.”
John's heavy eye roll'd like one just awoke ;
Awhile he paus'd, then thus the silence broke :—
“ Smith Tom !” cried John, “ I have esteem'd thee still,
And when we fought, it was against my will ;
When passion's storms and angry feelings rule,
Then reasoning man becomes a headstrong fool.
Women were made to cheer life's gloomy day—
To smooth man's cares—not govern, but obey ;
Sweet woman's face and lovely charms were given,
To sooth man's roughness, and lead him to heaven ;
To soften his stern nature, and to tame
Each harsher passion with love's purest flame.
'Tis then her gentle influence governs all,—
Before her magic power the strongest fall—
Bend with delight, kissing the hand that rules ;
And men who feel not this are brutes or fools.

But when the sex, all-wilful, still pursues
The phantoms folly garbs in motely hues—
Walks, with depravity, the paths of sin—
The termagant man's heart can never win.
She seems a stumbling-block in every path,
Sent by the angry Deity in wrath,
To punish man for his own crimes or folly.—
Crimes still bring punishment, and melancholy
Still follows close the heels of knave or fool.
Experience teaches this ; no other school
Imprints sound truth upon the mind. Prepare
To send thy wife to learn true wisdom there—
Unlearn the obstinacy that is her bane ;
Then calm domestic peace might rule again.
I take thy offer'd hand, and freely give
My own ; henceforth as constant friends we live.
But words are idle—come, return with me ;
The women will be stirring ; we must see
Our lady wants for nothing in the Hall—
We must be near her, ready at a call.”
Thus John and Tom were reconcil'd, and went
Back to the Hall together, well content.

v.

The warden's gate at Whitehow-head^u is barr'd,
And Hail-men, mustering, there await their lord,—
Equipp'd and ready arm'd for fight or chase,—
Expert at hunting, and a warlike race.

And from the Hall across the valley, sounds
The gathering horns, and Ponsonby's black hounds ;
To the glad summons rends the vaulted sky,
With the deep music of their echoing cry ;
And soon their lord and master joins his band,
Who anxious wait young Ponsonby's command.—
“ The hour is come—John Skelton should be here ;
Sound thy horn, Caddy, sound it full and clear.”
Tom's horn winds loud, and echo flings around,
From rock and cave, its animating sound.
One moment silence—then, at distance, fell,
On the charm'd ear, old Green's loud hunter yell ;
Another moment—on the breeze was borne
The brilliant challenge of John Skelton's horn ;
And down from Tortlay's^{kk} sloping height resounds
The answering howl of Skelton's milk-white hounds.
The chiefs are soon in Hail's deep valley meeting ;—
A brief salute—a brother hunter's greeting—
Soon pass'd between them ; then the woods they take,
Range the green uplands and each tangling brake.
Towards the Calder^{ll} all direct their course,
To join tall Millom, and unite their force.
The Millom spearmen at the Abbey's gate,
If first arriv'd, the order was to wait,
Till Skelton's blast from Priorscale was heard,
Then throw their hounds in—“ Forward ” was the word.
And soon John Skelton's clear-ton'd horn blew shrill—
The signal chase-note from th' appointed hill ;

Then the loud crash of men, and horns, and hounds,
Scar'd the wild stag to Copeland's utmost bounds ;
And hinds are bounding
Through the coverts, where
The archer's wounding
Arrows meet them there ;—
And many a flying buck the noise confounds,
Till he meets death upon the Thornholm grounds.
Joe Green's voice cheering,
Through the side wood^{mm} sings ;
The white hounds hearing,
Their loud chorus rings,
Through echoing glens, and game is bleeding there ;—
The white hounds always kill'd the largest share.
The three first days, the dark hounds had not speed
To match the white ; yet Ponsonby's black breed
Stand well to work, and after three days' sport,
Nearer approach the white hounds, though still short.
Yet I have seen both breeds at times give o'er—
Feet swell'd and bleeding, they could run no more—
The flint and granite pebbles wound them sore.
But well-bred hounds, if they can keep their feet
Free from the bruise or cut, and toes all neat,
Their powers of chase are wonderful, and long
The hound continues fleet, and sound, and strong.
And many a morning when the harrier leaves
His kennel, limping, strangers he deceives ;

Once on the game, he rallies, and displays
Surprising courage ;—wonder and amaze
Will often strike the sportsman in the field,
To view some hounds that never fail nor yield.
At Branthwaite yet, the pure white breed are found—
For speed unmatch'd, and powers of chase renown'd.
Will Pearson'sⁿⁿ Cæsar had unrivall'd speed,
And Joe Banks' Dido,^{oo} cross'd from Pearson's breed,
In three miles' running, half a mile could gain,
O'er mountain breast, or on the level plain ;
And beat all hounds contending, far or near,
And wore the white hound's laurel many a year.
To sing the glories of that hunting day
Requires a Byron's or a Wordsworth's lay ;
My vagrant muse sinks hopeless in dismay,
To paint the scene, or half the feats display.
Tom Hind declar'd the like he never saw,
When Branthwaite bowmen join'd at Scalderscaw.
The first red stag Tom's well-aim'd arrow slew ;
At three score paces his wing'd weapon flew ;
So swift the flying stag was bounding then,
Struck to the heart, yet down the sloping glen
He roll'd full twenty paces down the hill,
And Tom was lauded for his strength and skill.
Tom Caddy's jav'lin struck a large dog-fox,
When leaping down the Bleng Tongue's steepest rocks ;
The flying spear hit true its flying mark,
Dead to the ground, without one whinge or bark.

The bounds of Copeland stretch out far and wide,—
Into three companies the clans divide ;
By lots determin'd who went left and right—
The centre lot gave Skelton's men delight ;
Their portion fell round Cawfell and the Grains.^{PP}—
And now each hunter every sinew strains ;
To win the palm, that day each hero strives ;
The ardour strong of emulation drives
Them through thick woods, o'er shelving rocks and dells,
Or wood-fring'd mountains, and the loftiest fells.
Severe the toil, but hunters' hearts beat strong—
Rapt, with delight inspir'd, they sweep along ;
Like the brave race-horse, at full speed they go—
In race or chase to the last gasp they glow ;
Resistless energy the bosom fires,
Steels each firm nerve that, dauntless, never tires.
Witness Tom Moody ;⁹⁹ Tom would never yield,
But sobb'd his last sigh, and died upon the field ;
And in the chase, upon his gallant steed,
Tom's spirit fled, while hunting, and at speed.
To Tom's last wish his sporting friends accede,
And at his funeral no black mourning weed,
No sable plumes o'er Tom's oak coffin wave ;
Three loud view halloos o'er the hero's grave,
With horns' and hounds' full chorus—promptly given
By the whole field—rung Tom's old shade to heaven.
The sun gleams red, low in the glowing west,
Purpling, with his last rays, each mountain's crest ;

The eagle^{er} soars high to its airy nest,
Upon the tallest cliff, on rocky breast,
Where only tenants of the sky can rest ;
And hounds and hunters, spreading far and wide,
Are streaming down the Bleng Tongue's sloping side.
First to the ground, John Skelton and his men ;
Next Ponsonby, from Thornholm's gloomy glen,
Appears. The Millom heroes last,
From Brown Edge,^{ss} was heard their leader's blast.
His gathering horn-note, sounding full and clear,
Soon brought all parties, arm'd with bow and spear ;
Then game was shown—the feats of men declar'd ;
Strange hounds were growling. On the heath prepar'd,
For men and hounds, a slight repast was shar'd—
The robust hunter careless how he far'd,
Soon as his billet for the night was known,
His pallet-bed, with sweet new heather strewn,
Gave him sleep's cordial, till the blushing morn
Again dawn'd, smiling, and the cheerful horn
Rous'd him to join, with renovated powers,
His sporting comrades. But old Hail Hall's towers
Shelter'd the chieftains and a chosen band.—
Who in that Hall now waves a lily hand
Of welcome ? Kate Ponsonby is there,
In beauty's blooming loveliness so fair,
With round arm smooth and white—her flowing hair,
In auburn ringlets, carelessly waving ;
Her pure ripe bosom so chastely saving

From the keen glance.—John Huddleston, can you
Resist the beauty of that neck and brow ?
No : he the last chief, the sole surviving lord,
Where nine sons^{tt} late had grac'd the family board—
The Millom family, John its youngest branch,
There a tall warrior, and a hunter staunch ;
Kate Ponsonby he loves, and means to give
His hand and heart to her : she then must live
At Millom Castle, lady there of all—
The lord himself her slave in that old Hall.
And both had tasted young love's sweetest flattery ;
The sinewy youth had storm'd Kate's strongest battery
Of female frowns and coils, that must have birth,
Ere arch love's sweetest zest can charm on earth.
The maiden, last of all, confess'd his worth ;
In short, the pair were plighted—and so forth.
At Hail Hall's banquet, all were now safe set—
Kate and her lover near as they could get ;
Their very seats seem'd anxious, and did fret,
Shifting still closer,—John made Kate his pet.
His soft blue eyes she never could forget ;
Oft turn'd her own, so sparkling, and would let
The fond love in her heart peep out, and met
His tender gazing sweetly, and love's net
Threw gently, catching happiness. I fear,
So fugitive all human bliss, when near
The thirsty lip the cup's ripe sweets appear,
'Tis dash'd with poison oft.—Was it so here ?

When the old Hall was clear'd,
A shadow'd face appear'd !
A light foot on the stair,
Yet rais'd no echoes there !
A whispering sound hath died away !—A flame
Of light sent shadows !—They are gone ! They came,
Then vanish'd. Mind from fancy often brings
Vain thoughts.—Are these all wild imaginings ?
Or were sweet Kate and her tall lover seen,
Like phantoms, flying o'er the moon-lit green ?
It might be so ; such things before had been ;
Yet poets' dreamings may deceive, I ween,
Though lucid intervals, no doubt, may intervene ;
And this might be the lovers' secret scene—
And those who think so, may pull down the screen.
I'll leave it up, and prosecute my tale,
Ere reader's patience or my rhymes should fail.

V.

Next morning came, in streams of rosy light—
All muster'd cheerful—every eye was bright.
Young Catharine's eyes shed softest lustre there,
Like brilliant gems, sparkling so rich and rare.
And when presiding at that morn's repast,
The speaking glance she threw around, and cast
On all—the happy looks of love ; her voice,
Like music's echo, made all ears rejoice ;

Her tongue ton'd sweetly through the ancient Hall;
So gracefully Kate mov'd—she melted all;
And time seem'd envious when the harsh horns blew—
All with reluctance sigh'd that morn's adieu.
The hounds were echoing to the hunters' call—
The clans were moving—Kate was on the wall;
With maiden pride, she view'd her chosen thane
Mount his gay charger for the chase again.
Her brother and his band she lov'd so dearly,
And all lov'd Kate—no wonder she smi'd cheerly,
To view the bands united for their sport,
In gallant bearing leave her brother's court
In peaceful glee,—all smiling on the plain,
Resume, in concert, hunting once again.
And long as woody bank, and waving bough,
The anxious maiden's lingering looks allow,
Her ardent gaze still rests upon a plume,
That moves, as a talisman, to Kate's own doom;
Her lover's crest distinct she views afar,
And feathery beaver waving as in war.
All who have felt the sunshine of the soul
In early youth, when first love's powers controul,
And give the quicken'd pulse impetus, wild
As warring elements; when passion's child
Deems this fair earth a heaven, and love a god,
Sent to bless all mankind, whose magic rod
Can charm th' enchanted world—make roses blow
On sterile rocks—the sweet flowers bloom and grow

On the bare heath. In youth, there is a time
When the warm soul burns with a fire sublime
And heavenly—a flame so refin'd and pure,
Angels might envy young love's happiest hour,
When the heart leaps, convuls'd with love's sweet pain,
And the wild pleasure thrills through every vein.—
Those who have felt this fever of the heart
Know its keen torment.—When young lovers part,
Though brief the time, and short the space between,
Absence is cruel ; then ennui or spleen
With black blood fills the heart ; the temper sours ;
On the dark brow a nameless tempest lowers ;
And all the sweetness of the soul is gone.
The spirit, vacant, wandering mourns alone ;
And memory, dreaming o'er the last embrace,
Seeks, like a glutton, solitude's solace,
Where o'er its treasur'd prey alone it broods,
Like the misanthrope in his gloomy moods.—
All who know this, can answer why the maid
Her fix'd eye still its latest look delay'd.
With gazing long, her aching eyes are strain'd,
And down her smooth cheek, tears unbidden rain'd.—
Ah ! can she see aright ?—her lover falls !
Prone to the ground the youth recumbent rolls !
Ah ! what wild fantasy disturbs the maid !
Her steps were wavering, and her looks betray'd
Signs of strange fear, as Huddleston afar,
Struck from his steed, lay stretch'd, a bloody scar

She saw, or dream'd, his face all pale and wan—
The warlike hunter seem'd a dying man ;
And Kate was fainting on the parapet,—
What strange delusion hath the maid beset !
The warder and the morning guard are there,
And lifeless Kate to her own chamber bear.
Cordials at first reviving powers afford—
At intervals her senses are restor'd ;
Again relapsing, Kate's confused head
Raves on her lover, but she thinks him dead.
A wild expression, and disorder'd mien,
On her chang'd countenance too fatally seen ;
Her maids alarm'd, attend her wants with care—
Yet deep her moanings, and their tones despair ;
And there, reluctant, we let Kate remain,
To trace the hunters o'er the stretching plain.
So lone and distant was the fatal glen,
'Twas thought miraculous for the maiden's ken
To see so clear, where all the Hail-men tell—
Struck by an arrow from behind—he fell.
Tall Huddleston, her lover, there she saw ;
When death-wound reach'd him at one cruel blow
Of weapon, never yet by mortal claim'd,—
Nor was it known what hand and eye had aim'd
The murderer's shaft—suspicion glanc'd around
Vainly.—A distant hand might give the wound.
His men, alarm'd, round their slain chieftain drew,
And soon their sharp avenging arrows flew

On those who near their murder'd chief had been,
When his red blood first stain'd the clotted green.
His lifeless body four tall clansmen bore,
Deform'd by death, and bath'd in his own gore.
The Millom-men soon muster'd into lines—
Their clench'd steel glittering, horridly it shines;
And blows are dealt, and blood begins to flow—
Already several Hail-men are laid low.
The battle's onset sounds from many a horn,—
Its grating echo, on the breezes borne,
Drowns the sweet music of the peaceful morn.
A parley from Skelton's horn was sounded then,
As mediator, for no Branthwaite men
Were found within the curs'd assassin's glen.
He, of the clans engag'd in mortal fight,
Demands an audience, as a comrade's right;
And his stout clan, with bows unbent, all go
To where suspended warfare waits below:
Their martial aspect deep impression made.—
“What man,” cried Skelton, “wears the assassin's blade?
Hear me, all men! whoe'er this deed has done,
Justice shall reach him, were he my own son!
That man must be resign'd to me! I stand
Prepar'd with comrades, and with keen-edg'd brand,
To rid our country of each murdering hand.”
Thus Ponsonby:—“We have no comrade here,
Whose cowardly hand throws the assassin's spear.
If any were, myself would make him feel
The taste of Ponsonby's avenging steel;

And, as I live, I do suspect the man
Walks a pure villain in their own wild clan.
For Huddleston my own red blood I'd shed—
We all lament him on this gory bed ;
As a slain brother I deplore his fate—
Alas ! 'twill break my sister's heart !—poor Kate !
His vassal clansman in their band I blame—
A dark-fac'd craven, Ulfey is his name ;
And here my bare blade's trusty steel I wave,
Till his black carcase finds a coward's grave :
To single combat I that knave invite—
Before the clans I dare to mortal fight.
The Branthwaite band, as umpires, here may stand,
With bows unbent, sheath'd jav'lins in their hand.”
John Skelton now, with clear, commanding voice,
Returns—“ Millom, take free, your yet remaining
choice—

Speak ! from your lines appoint one man to say,
Is Ulfey guilty ?—shall they fight to-day ?”
And now strange murmuring rose within their ranks—
From front to rear the rattling weapon clanks.
At last, dark Ulfey's vulgar face appearing,
All else were silent, him to have a hearing ;
And his rough accents came like discords, where
The ass makes melody. He was a bear
Of large dimensions. Strong suspicion fell
Darkly on him. Ulfey was known full well—
A stutt'ring, selfish, lying, foul-lipp'd knave,
Stubborn as stone, yet born to be a slave.

Though still his feudal harness he would shake,
Rattling his chains of thralldom, he could make
The underlings of his superior chief,
Sent to demand the dues from Ulfey's fief,
Tremble with fear. He was so rough and grim—
Strong as a wild boar—all avoided him ;
And from this Millom Ajax of bad fame
Thus the keen challenge and defiance came :—
“ Thy offer'd gage, Miles Ponsonby, I take !
And here to-morrow's sun shall see thee quake.
This night to Calder's abbot we repair,
To place our leader's bleeding body, where
The holy Church funereal rites prepare ;
And when this duty to our chief is paid,
And his remains for funeral honours laid
Within the Abbey, we will then return :
'Tis vain, 'tis useless, long to weep and mourn.
We then come back to answer all demands—
Grief at our hearts, sharp weapons in our hands ;
Resolv'd our enemies shall keenly feel
The bitter tokens of avenging steel.”
“ Agreed !” the umpire, fierce-ey'd Skelton, cried ;
“ To Hail Hall we adjourn ; I'll there reside
Till battle's law this question shall decide.
Without more strife the clans will now divide—
And some this feud most dearly shall abide.
Departed Millom's cause shall be well tried ;
Funereal honours must not be denied.
A useless pageant they may seem—and pride

Can gain but little from them—laid beside
The slimy worm, whose creeping tail will ride
O'er man, as if the reptile did deride
The foolish pains he often takes to hide
Human infirmity."—His horn he blew ;
The hostile clans then vanish'd from his view.

VI.

With his arm'd comrades Skelton, left alone,
Seated upon the large grey Druid stone,
That in Hail's valley rears its ancient head,
Near the lone glade where Millom's chieftain bled,
Oppress'd with thought, this colloquy he pour'd,
While harass'd feeling on his forehead lower'd :—
“ O what is life ? or what is man ? Even now
John Huddleston, with blood-stain'd, pallid brow,
Lies low. And what is lady's love ? Alas !
How soon its fading joys from man can pass !
How evanescent all this world appears !—
A yawning sepulchre—a gulph of tears !
The tenor of man's pilgrimage, how strange !
How pleasing plans of future bliss derange
Almost themselves, and vanish into air,
Ere man's thought turns itself, or can prepare,
By human ingenuity or care,
Means to ward blows of fate that strike thus deep !—
And we are left to wonder, and to weep
O'er Heaven's unfathom'd laws, whose scheme and plans
Extend beyond the scrutiny of man's

Conception. His reasoning powers in vain
Stretch the strain'd eye-balls—yet no light they gain :
The system of this universe but mocks
Man's keenest observation ; and it shocks
Humanity to witness scenes like this,
Where fate seems envious of poor human bliss.
The mind bewilder'd, and in deep distress,
Religion's balm seeks now, when dangers press ;
A Saviour's world man paints among the stars,
Where cares disturb not—where no murdering wars
Are known. Sweet peace and love for ever reign
In those bless'd regions.—Man reliev'd from pain,
That grinds him here to dust, may smile and love,
In this sweet world of blessedness above.
For poor young Kate my yearning bosom bleeds—
Unwedded, she must weep in widow's weeds ;
Her heart will burst now Huddleston is gone—
For ever vanish'd, Kate will turn to stone.
Young Huddleston ! so strong in mortal fight !
Kill'd by a coward's weapon in his might,
Struck from behind, unknown, and out of sight !
Cold his bold heart, so lately warm and bless'd,
When his betrothed Kate the youth caress'd.
Kate's ardent passion, famishing, will pine,
Like misery left to languish in a mine—
Shut out from hope, without one ray of light,
To gild the glooming of eternal night ;
Poor Kate will pine, a spectacle of woe—
Death ! death alone can end it here below !

And who must rule o'er Millom's wide domains,
Since its last lord lies red with bloody stains?
The Millom house no longer now remains,
If Yorkshire Huddleston a claim maintains,
And holy Church refuse to them the reins;
Contending claims for Millom's fertile plains
May raise fresh feuds, and spread war's cruel pains."
To Hail all are return'd—enquiry ends,
And there is weeping. Kate's keen misery lends
No sounds to grief; and, silent from that hour,
Through life she pass'd within a lonely bower,
That she had built in fond, fantastic whim,
When life was rapture, passed alone with him.
She lived a maniac; vacant was her mind;—
No covering on her bare head could they bind.
Lost to sense, reason, broken-hearted Kate
Liv'd a lorn victim to relentless fate;
And village swains and weeping virgins tell
The misery of her life. She died in Hail's lone dell,
On the grey Druid stone where her young lover fell.

END OF CANTO I.

BRANTHWAITE HALL.

A POEM OF THE FEUDAL TIMES.

CANTO II.

I.

When morning came again, how chang'd the scene !
Where playful youth enraptur'd late had been—
Where beauty smil'd—where festive glee, prepar'd
For social union, all its pleasures shar'd.
The Hall was dark—deep silence reign'd around—
The tower-bell only boom'd a dismal sound ;—
But hark ! a horn sounds at the eastern gate.
All anxious press, to see what changes fate
Brings next.—John Skelton's page appears
From Branthwaite Hall, and all suffus'd in tears.—
“ What news, my page ?—Abate thy youthful fears,
And tell thy errand.” He then sobs aloud.
Advancing to his master in the crowd—
“ The news I bring should not by man be told,
But in some lonely wild by demons howl'd.—

Your Hall is fir'd ! the gear and cattle gone !
The west tower only sav'd by Robinson !
He kept its narrow entrance all alone ;
And his stout valour, bravely it was shown !
Smith Tom was butcher'd on the barnkin stone,
Where he was seated lonely by the wall ;
No weapon in his hand, only a pole
He us'd for leaping o'er the Stockbeck brook,
And cross one place in Marron at Horse Crook.
In melancholy mood poor Tom was there,
Sighing in secret o'er domestic care ;
When o'er the wall, from hostile hand, a stroke
Of sharp steel blade his stupid musings broke,
And there he fell—no word he ever spoke.
All else were in the strong-wall'd western tower ;
And Douglas' clan had gain'd its farthest door.
Ere we had warning, two were on the leads ;
But John's keen blade soon sever'd both their heads.
He seiz'd each Scot as he came on, and o'er
The tower's low parapet he pitch'd a score
Ere they retir'd. They found it was in vain
Contending longer. John could still maintain
Himself, in that now all-important post ;
Being so narrow, he defied their host ;
And when some twenty he had stretch'd in gore,
The rest retir'd, resolv'd to lose no more.
By strangest chance was sav'd your lady's life.—
In the west tower was lodg'd Smith Tom's old wife,

On bread and water fed, as order'd when
You came off here with all the hounds and men.
My lady heard from Tom, his wife had taken
A longing fancy for a slice of bacon.
Tom was a fool to tell his wife's demand,
Yet, strange to say, it sav'd from blade or brand
The sweetest lady in all Cumberland.
No one but her durst violate command.
She took the bacon in her own white hand ;
And order'd all the rest into that tower,
To see old Jenny in that fated hour.
On its strong walls the fires no puncture made—
The rest was soon in reeking ruins laid !
The Scots then vanish'd with the stock and gear.—
Big John yet guards the tower, and I am here.”
The look of injur'd man, from Skelton's eye,
Glanc'd fiercely round, yet he made no reply ;
But look, and step, and breathing horn, will tell—
Beyond the gate 'tis Skelton's long farewell
To scenes in Copeland, and to friends at Hail !
He'll soon be in some gloomy Scottish dale,
Where fires are streaming—like the comet's tail—
Hissing to screaming——and the loud bewail
Of vanquish'd foes, that his bold clan assail !

II.

Again a horn sounds from Hail's low-arch'd bridge ;
Warriors of Millom all are on its ridge,

Above the Hall—all gloomy in their might ;
And deadly rancour brooded o'er that night.
Ulfey's dark eye glanc'd hate and deadly spite,
Although 'twas hard to read its scowl aright ;
And Ponsonby is on his warlike steed—
His faithful clansmen mustering, too, with speed.
The field of combat is their destiny,—
Ah ! who can say at night what they may be ?—
At the grey Druid stone all met again.
The lists were fix'd upon that narrow plain,
Where ancient Britons once had pour'd the strain
Of pure devotion, such as then did gain
Ascendancy among their rustic train—
Where Millom's lord by treachery was slain ;
And where the hot blood once more was to stain
The sweet flowers springing gaily, fresh and fair,
Breathing rich odours through the streaming air,
While western zephyrs gently fann'd them there.
The feather'd choir all left the valley, when
The din of warriors fill'd the lonely glen—
Flying for shelter where large oak-trees spread
Embowering branch, and many a towering head.
Were these old oaks inspir'd with tongues, to tell
To reasoning man the scenes that there befell,
Thro' time's dark space, beyond what he could guess on,
They'd teach an awfully useful moral lesson.
But oaks were mute and silent as the stone,
And man still wilful, still to evil prone ;—
For hate deep-seated, blood must now atone !

Ulfey and Millom took the western side.
Upon the east stood Ponsonby, in pride
Of youth—advanc'd before his band,
Tall and elastic, quick in eye and hand ;
His gesture free—his motions show'd a mind
Resolved on combat, and to fate resign'd.
Oppos'd was Ulfey—and a contrast wide !
His thick-set frame a giant's strength supplied ;
His large limbs mov'd not quick as Ponsonby,
Yet firm as a tower, seem'd sure of victory.
A pause and silence now ensued, ere strife
Commenc'd that ended with the waste of life.
In that short pause each pulse and heart beat strong ;
Each eye glanc'd fire—'twas awful, though not long.—
Loud horns the onset blew—the chiefs advance—
With shield and corselet, and with shining lance.
Miles Ponsonby with feint made first essay ;
Ulfey soon parried, and in haste to slay,
Too confident, darting his long sharp spear,
Aim'd at the head, it cut away the ear ;
For Ponsonby, evaded with a turn
Of neck elastic—else this world's sojourn
To him had ended with that blow's return—
But quick as cat, his keen blade soon was felt
In Ulfey's chest, beneath the hairy belt,
Whose strong long lounge had plac'd off his safeguard ;
And Ponsonby's sharp blade was his reward ;
Then down he fell upon the fair green-sward.

Then Hail-men rais'd the shout of victory,
In triumph o'er their vanquish'd enemy :
'Twas now, begun the sanguinary fight,
That ended only with the waning light—
Some even pursued it in the silent night.
Of that dread slaughter who can paint the scene?
The Muse retiring, draws the Grecian's screen
Of shadow o'er that savage, mortal strife,
Where runs in channels man's red stream of life ;
Where mercy's eye was never seen to glow—
All sounds, all sights, all thoughts, stern death and woe ;
Where man meets man, intent alone to kill,
No purpose there save human blood to spill.—
The unrelenting wolf, pursuing prey,
His stomach glutted, will not longer slay.
The bear, and boar, and wild cat, kill for food ;
When sated, they no longer thirst for blood—
Each to his lair retires within the wood ;
But cruel man wars with more mortal strife—
Passion impels him in pursuit of life ;
And rude revenge and mad ambition fires
The human breast, and cruelty inspires.
Man's restless spirit knows no medium then—
His harden'd heart still thirsts for blood of men.
War unto death spread desolation o'er
These fertile plains, in feudal times of yore ;
Drench'd with pure native blood the battle-field ;
Slaying was still the word, and never yield.

Pale death reign'd there, sole regent of the day ;
And when night gloom'd, scarce half were left to slay ;
Time wing'd away, and once again 'twas night—
Sad nights of sorrow follow days of fight.

III.

In Hail's low valley, by a sheltering wood,
A small secluded cottage lonely stood ;
A garden stor'd with autumn flowers there smil'd,
Contrasting sweetly, in that lonely wild,
With woods and rocky glens, wide-stretching round,
That, like a wilderness, so darkly frown'd.
A limpid brook meandering pass'd its doors,
Murmuring sweet sounds, as its clear streamlet pours
Along. And there seem'd mingling with them, moaning
Sighs of deep sorrow—grief's hard sobs and groaning—
As if harsh pain and misery shelter'd there—
Alas ! too often man's companions, where
The fate of war leaves him forlorn, to mourn
O'er days of peace pass'd never to return.
In that lone cottage, on its bed was laid
A wounded man, watch'd by a weeping maid ;
And in one corner lean'd a youth, whose hand
Was stain'd with blood. He wore a warlike band
Of grey wolf skin, and in it stuck a brand,
That told he was a Millom warrior there,
And in Hail's valley !—Haughty youth, beware !
Thy life's in jeopardy ! it hangs upon a hair !

War, dreadful war, sweeps o'er these blood-stain'd lands ;
And mortal strife between the hostile bands
Breathes life-devouring war that spareth not.
If thou art taken, death must be thy lot.
And what is jeopardy of life, or death,
To him whose heart's blood and whose vital breath
Is drawn, and moves, but for one object, then
With him, in sorrow, in Hail's lonely glen ?
John Benson lies upon that bed of pain,
Wounded and faint, doom'd ne'er to rise again ;
And his fair daughter, Mary, weeps beside
The youth, who strives—but vainly strives—to hide
The strong emotion in his voice and look.
His grief was deep, although much pains he took
To sooth the maid, who answer'd but with tears ;
When hark ! a voice is heard ! a friend appears !
The Leech, who strangely then by fate was led
To see poor Benson die upon his bed,
Though he that day in battle's ranks had bled.
No question need he ask—the veteran lies
Before him dying ; tears sprung in his eyes.
Silent he stood beside the weeping maid,
Sighing in concert o'er war's victim, laid
Prostrate and struggling, yielding his last breath
In gasps, reluctant, in the arms of death.—
Silent and motionless ! the soul is gone !
Poor Mary sinks in deep despair upon
The youth. The Leech retires, and they're alone.

When thus the maid:—"Thwaite, thou must now retire,
Leave me alone with my now lifeless sire.
O had he liv'd, for thy strong, powerful aid,
A warm heart's grateful thanks he would have paid!
But he is gone—and risk no longer now
Thy own dear safety. We must, sorrowing, bow
To fate; but thou must not with me remain
One moment longer. Oh! I am in pain!
The Leech will soon return—all will be here.
Thy life's in jeopardy! retire, thou dear,
Kind youth! When my sire's corpse is laid
In the dark grave, no power can me dissuade;
For I will join thee in love's holy bands—
Thy faithful wife on Millom's fruitful lands.—
My only love, haste! haste! nor longer stay;
I tremble whilst thou lingers here—away!"
"Ah! must I leave thee, desolate, alone,
To pour thy sorrow's solitary moan
O'er thy dead parent, now for ever gone?
Alas! 'tis true no human aid avails;
When death strikes home, all man's assistance fails.
Within thy home no danger threatens thee:
If I were taken, some might fall on me.
The deadly feud that rages now between
Our clans, will last not; time must come, I ween
When our mad clansmen common cause must make.—
When Scots clans roam, we have an equal stake.
Self-preservation binds us all, and then
You hear no question.—Are you Millom-men?"

As friends united we repel the foe,
As friends united we might still be so ;
And would, were all, what they should ever be,
But villain passions lead to treachery ;
And confidence in man, if once destroy'd,
Returns no more ; all ties are then made void.
Man may forgive where ignorance deceives ;
The fool deceives himself, and still believes,
Error.—

Man, villain once, all confidence is gone—
For treachery what ever can atone ?
By treachery our gallant chief was slain,
And on the gory, blood-ensanguined plain,
Half of our clans, for hungry wolves a prey,
Lie slain by comrades crueller than they.
'Tis hard for me to leave thee thus, my sweet,—
Ah ! when, and where, love, can we ?—we must meet !
But where and when ? how long the time will seem !
The thought of parting seems to me a dream.
A coldness, too, falls on my aching heart,
When thus I leave thee, as if now we part
To meet no more.”—
“ Forbid it Heaven !” the dark-ey'd maiden cried,
“ Before I'll break my vow, I'll be death's bride,
No bridegroom will I have, but him, or thee !
My plighted husband have no fear of me !
I would this moment leave my only home—
Cling to thy side—for ever with thee roam !

But that my weakness would impede thy flight,
Or, help me Heaven, but I would go this night!—
No arm to protect, no heart to love but thine—
O keep it true, and have no fear of mine!”
“ I do not fear thine, Mary ; any fear
A Millom warrior ill beseemeth here.
I have no fear ! I'll leave thee now with Heaven,
And the cold relics cruel war has given.
Before the corpse we'll join again our hands—
Pledge to unite in Hymen's holy bands ;
One chaste embrace before I leave, like this,
And from thy lips one long, long honied kiss.—
The hot love in my heart will burn my brain,
Ere we can meet, or I can kiss again.”—
The gloomy evening darken'd black, and drear,
And the west wind sobb'd sullen round the cot,
When Hail's clan muster'd o'er the mournful bier ;
And it was Mary's melancholy lot,
The sole lone mourner o'er the corpse to stand.
And yet the whole scene round her seem'd forgot :
She saw her lover's belt and well-known brand,
But how and why there, Mary deemeth not ;
Yet well she knew, it now had left a hand
To her far dearer than the world. Oh ! where
Was he, the boast of all the Millom band ?
With ruddy cheek, and auburn, curling hair !
Her plighted lover, Thwaite ! O where was he ?—
Back to the cottage she stepp'd silently ;

And beckon'd him who wore the brand and belt :
He came to know what Mary's wish might be ;
But O what tortures of suspense she felt,
Ere she could ask if belt and brand were spoil,
Tokens of friendship or of war's turmoil !—
“ The spoils of Millom foe, subdued in fight,
Our clan encounter'd in his lonely flight.
This hand,” he cried, “ a trusty jav'lin sent ;
Through the tall recreant's trunk the weapon went ;
And my reward was this same belt and brand.
His corpse lies festering on the bloody strand—
The field where Millom blood stains red the soil,
Manur'd by battle's vengeance and turmoil.”
The maiden's eye no fear, no grief betray'd.—
In seeming carelessness she took the blade
From the grim warrior's belt, and struck it deep
Into his heart : then, with a cruel sweep,
She pierc'd her own torn heart, and fell
Dead by her victim. . From the clan a yell
Of horror then, a loud convulsive scream,
Burst on the ear, as, by the wandering stream
That murmur'd by, the clansman's body roll'd,
Bleeding and death-like—as the deep bell toll'd
A requiem o'er the dying and the dead.
And Mary's hapless, lifeless, forlorn head,
Sleeps with her father in the same cold bed.
Young Thwaite, her lover, lies unburied, where
The gaunt wolf, rambling, drags him to its lair—

Craunching his bones and bloody corpse !—Alas !
That war should be so cruel ! for he was
Fair as the rosy morn. Where'er he mov'd,
All eyes admir'd—all youthful maidens lov'd.
In Millom many a virgin heart grew cold,
Struck with dismay, when fate's stern tale was told,
That Huddleston the chief, and Thwaite, were gone ;
And many a bitter tear, and strangling moan,
Was breath'd in vain through Millom's sea-wash'd dales,
Where long resounded sorrow's dismal wails.
The dire lament, all-hopeless, fill'd the air,
For heroes gone for ever : lorn despair
Was the sad portion of sweet maidens there ;
And Hail's low valley show'd the same sad scene—
Young maids and matrons weeping on the green.
Of Ponsonby's bold clan one half were slain ;
And many wounded, stretch'd in cruel pain,
Did linger long ere they could fight again.
An arrow wounded Ponsonby their lord,
And years roll'd o'er him ere he was restor'd.
All, all lamented that unhappy day,
When Millom's youthful lord return'd to clay ;
Curs'd the unlucky hour the hero died—
Kill'd by a dastard, in youth's strength and pride.

IV.

Six days are gone ; within the cloister'd wall
Of Calder's Abbey, o'er a warrior's pall,

The sable plumes are waving.—Who stands there ?
A boy in mourning weeds, yet tall and fair.
Graceful he leans upon the abbot's arm ;
And holy Church protects the youth from harm,
Should enemies before the young chief show
A hostile feature, or the hand of foe.
No foes are there ; that abbot's sole command
Secures protection through all Cumberland.
The youth has come to claim the Millom lands,
For there his family's castle proudly stands.
From York he comes, and of the olden race—
From Adam Huddleston the heralds trace
His pedigree ; and Millom lands are now
His heritage, if holy Church allow.
And he that holy sanction hath obtain'd,
And all the churchmen to his interest gain'd ;
And he who gain'd the Church still stood secure,
In feudal times, if he could only pour
Into the abbot's hand, or abbey's chest,
Largess in gold, to buy their strong behest ;
And, if our holy Church is not belied,
Too often gold with them all rights supplied.
Many a broad acre of their wide domain
The Abbey gain'd by sins of deepest stain ;
And bribes unto their holy abbots paid,
Sav'd each black wretch, and retribution made
For every crime—murder among the rest,
For gold was pardon'd, paid for, and confess'd.

But Millom's youthful lord, nor bribes nor crime
Requir'd, to gain Church favours of that time.
His claim deriv'd from John, who took the lands
With Joan de Boyvill, far as Duddon Sands;
John sprung from York, and since the Norman war;
But Adam was before the conquest seated there,—
And antiquarians trace their lineage far,
And make their title clear, distinct, and fair.
And this tall youth was gentle, and most rare
Qualities within him afterwards were found.
When once possess'd, he well could keep his ground;
And from his loins sprung heroes for the fight.
Richard was dubb'd upon the field a knight,
At Agincourt; Harry of Monmouth^{uu} made
Him there upon the spot, with his own blade.
Another Richard, colonel of dragoons,
Fell in the Minster yard at York, from wounds
Receiv'd in civil broil; that soldier died,
Fighting for York's red rose, in loyal pride.
They with keen lance protected their own lands:
At Whicham Hall, in Scot's Croft,^{xx} there yet stands
Memorial of the vanquish'd Scottish clans,
Who venturing there for rapine, found turmoil;—
Their Scotch bones mingle now with Millom soil.
At Swinside,^{yy} too, the Druid's circle there
Witness'd rude scenes, when war's red arm was bare;
When Millom's veterans wav'd the conquering lance;
And when the varying, unforeseen mischance

Of war, left their own heroes slain : 'twas then
The monument and cairn were rear'd, that ken
Of their stout valour might be mark'd through time.
And at Kirk Sancton's sunken kirns²² are found
Two tall stones standing in that windy clime,
Marking the warrior's grave on that lone ground.
But now at Calder's Abbey, warrior's grave
Yawns for the coffin of a chieftain brave ;
And darkly dawn'd the morning, that arose
To see the tomb on Millom's chieftain close.
The eastern turret's large bell moan'd a sound,
Deep and so mournful, echoes that abound
In Calder's valley groan'd to the dismal bell—
Death's voice seem'd sounding nature's funeral knell !
The heart was throbbing hard in every breast,
And each pale cheek deep sympathy express'd ;
And monks in white, in coifs and cowls array'd,
In slow procession lin'd the Abbey's shade,
Chaunting funereal hymns, soft, smooth, and low—
Each minor cadence melting into woe.
And when the antique vestibule they gain,
The powerful organ took the mourning strain,
And round the lofty arcades sent soft tones
Of melancholy music, like deep moans
Of weeping angels, wailing over man,
Condemn'd to die. All round the Abbey ran
The streams of doleful sounds, till all within
The dome arriv'd, and service could begin.

Each monk was seated in an antique stall.—
The abbot then arriv'd before the pall,
Enrob'd and mitr'd—his high throne ascending,
With solemn dignity, each rite attending.
And now the coffin, borne in state, appears,
By ten tall clansmen, tall but young in years.
Their youthful lord number'd but twenty-two :
The same age these, graceful and fair to view.
In war's costume the warlike youths were dress'd,
Save the black plume that wav'd on every crest ;—
And they have plac'd the coffin on its rest.
Close to that rest the mourning heir, too, bends ;
The prior also on the youth attends.
Soon streams of men the aisles, and every space
Within the Abbey, fill ; and you might trace
The lineaments of grief and unfeign'd woe.
Their chief was well belov'd by high and low ;
And o'er his coffin honest hearts did mourn—
Tears of true sorrow bath'd his marble urn.
His whole clan muster'd, torn with grief, to view
The youth entomb'd, and sigh their last adieu.
Deep silence reigns at last. In solemn state
Around the pall, Church dignitaries wait
A stated period. In that awful pause
The wounded mind to deep abstraction draws—
Prepares to join devotion's fervent call
To Heaven for mercy, o'er the gloomy pall,

Where death, grim king of terror ! reigns supreme
O'er man, poor victim ! who in life can dream
Away a few short years, and think it joy ;
But soon he wakes, and finds some harsh alloy
Still mixes with the pleasures of this world.
Man from his pinnacle must still be hurl'd,
By nature's law that rules ; he then, alas !
Finds earthly joys, like fleeting shadows, pass
Away, leaving no trace of bliss behind,
More than the whisperings of the viewless wind !
The service of the mass proceeds with awe ;
Its solemn rites to pure devotion draw
The minds of men, who deem the presence there,
To witness man's sincerity in prayer.
Slow music breathes divinely from the choir,
And noblest heavenly sympathies inspire ;
Enthusiastic feelings charm the soul—
Subdue men's hearts, and all their powers control.
The tenets of Catholicism then
Reign'd o'er the Christian world of old ; and men,
Sincere and honest in the faith profess'd,
Perform'd the rites, and left to God the rest,
Whose mercy still, in every age and clime,
Can pardon venial errors of the time.
His voice of power, from many mansions, calls
Spirits of worth : from cottages or halls,
Without distinction, his high mandate falls,

To people regions in etherial air,—
But stern sectarians seldom enter there.
Meek charity sits keeper of those gates—
Mercy, a heavenly sentinel, there waits,
With Christ's white book of love in her right hand,
Admitting none but by divine command.
The prayer, that mercy's aid might now afford
Admittance there for Millom's slaughter'd lord,
Went from the heart sincere ; and every breast
Swell'd with the hope, their youthful chief might rest
In heaven's sweet climate, and a welcome guest.
The last response within the walls was low—
Its dying echoes faint and fainter grow ;
The echoing cells expiring sounds prolong,
That breathe like whispers of the funeral song.
Four monks in black, the vault's dark door before,
Now mov'd aside ; the eye could then explore
That gloomy region—see the sacred grave
Those monks had open'd for the lifeless brave.
Four lamps around the vault's low arches shed
Funereal light. Dank vapours from the dead,
Entomb'd before in that dark dungeon's womb,
Made the lamps dwindle near the warrior's tomb.
Suspence and silence round the Abbey reign'd,
And deep solemnity by all maintain'd,
Had gain'd its height.—All eyes towards the pall
With awful interest turn'd—turn'd one and all ;
For in the shaded corner, where it stood,
An air-drawn hand was seen ! a hand of blood !

Around that space a heavenly brightness blaz'd !
And slowly, too, the coffin-lid was rais'd,
As if by powers of magic. Then a form—
A female form of angel mould, and pale—
Rose like a shade of sorrow ; for a veil
Of dark despair hung, like a gather'd storm,
O'er her cold marble brow. She seem'd a shade !
A ghostly shadow of some heavenly maid,
That in the air recumbent seem'd to hover,
Or spirit of some youthful dying lover.
Within the coffin, too, sweet sounds were heard,
Like distant music from some warbling bird ;
Sweetly and slowly through the air it streams,
Stealing on sense, like beauty's voice in dreams.
All were enchanted—bound by magic spell—
When from some unknown voice the vocal shell
Was sounded ; nor were seraph's voice more pure.—
This the lorn strain it breath'd in that strange hour.

Song of the Spirit.

I.

I come, I come, to fly
In company with thee,
Where spirits in the sky,
Releas'd from cares, are free ;
To live and love,
In realms above :
Then let me fly with thee.

II.

Oh ! leave me not in this cold sphere,
To wander all alone ;
To shed the bitter, hopeless tear ;
To linger and to moan.

III.

Trembling, on tender, virgin wings I fly ;
Then bear me gently through the yielding sky,
On eagle-pinions of heaven's cherubim !—
O let me join with thee the seraphim,
To sing the sweetest heavenly hymns, and love—
Kneeling before the Deity above !

IV.

Oh ! do not leave me here ;
My spirit yearns to go,
Where love can have no fear
Like what we feel below.
Then stretch thy eagle-wings out far and wide ;
I'll soar, a fond companion at thy side !

A moment pass'd—the bloody hand was clasp'd ;
But now a dagger its firm fingers grasp'd ;
A brawny arm, too, join'd the hand in air,
Stretch'd, as if striking its pale victim there ;
When from the roofs, and from the Abbey's dome,
A stern voice call'd, like thunder from the tomb,
“ Forbear ! ”—That moment all was pass'd and gone—
Arm—hand—and dagger—shadow—all had flown !
The pall was standing as before this dream.
Funereal lamps sent from the vaults a gleam
Of flame that seem'd not earthly ; but how long
This scene was lengthen'd, lives not in my song.

Four monks in black the last sad duties paid :
The warrior's ashes in the tomb they laid ;
And o'er his coffin all the rites perform'd
The Abbey's rules requir'd. The rest alarm'd,
Confus'd, confounded, in amazement lost—
On superstition's waves of chaos tost—
In secret dread, in silent fear retir'd ;—
To solve this mystery no soul desir'd.
They deem'd some guardian angel interfer'd,
And at their chief's obsequies there appear'd ;
And what confirm'd this soul-subduing thought,
(Religious fantasies are often caught
By frail humanity,) 'twas found that when
This scene was passing, in Hail's distant glen,
Kate Ponsonby seem'd dead, or in a trance.
Long, long she lay like death, till Leech's lance,
Or angel's voice, did lifeless Kate recall,
To breathe, but not to live, on earth's cold ball ;
For from the hour her youthful lover died,
Fled from poor Kate, love, health, and youthful pride.
Her mind became a wilderness of woe,
Where bitter streams of poison'd waters flow.
Awhile she linger'd, like a silent ghost ;
At length her spirit sought the Stygian coast—
Left her worn body on the same hard bed,
Where Millom's hero, Kate's young lover, bled :
And love-sick maids oft weep, and tell the tale,
Through Millom dales, and in the groves of Hail.

STANZAS TO HEALTH.

(1812.)

I.

Sweet cherub, health ! of rosy mien,
To what seclusion art thou fled ?
Thy smiling face, must it be seen
No longer near thy suppliant's bed ?

II.

Wilt thou never more infuse
Youthful vigour through this frame ?
Shall Strephon's lorn and grief-worn muse
No more invoke young Rosa's name ?

III.

Must she, the much-lov'd, peerless maid,
Whose image warm'd this beating heart,
Witness poor Strephon's body laid
Low in the dust ?—and must we part ?

IV.

Ah ! timid health ! why dost thou fly,
Like a scar'd dove, on trembling wings,
Leaving me here to weep and sigh,
Worn with the pain pale sickness brings ?

R

V.

O let me court thee once again !
Once more secure thy dimpling smiles !
Thy healing balm to sooth my pain—
Thy helping hand to ease my toils !

VI.

Then I could laugh at folly's toys—
Despise the insolence of pride ;
And all the pains deceit employs,
Its quibbling, knavish schemes to hide !

VII.

Could spurn the frowning lordling's scowl—
Expose the impotence of wealth !
Could hear, unmov'd, life's tempest howl—
Calm and serene, embrac'd by health !

VIII.

Then come, young spirit of the air !
Thy prostrate poet's prayers attend ;
Chase from his couch harsh pain and care,
And grateful orisons he'll send

IX.

To Heaven and thee, each morn and eve :
Thrice-pleasing task such thanks to pour !
The voice of praise would never leave
Thy poet's tongue, till life's last hour.

LINES

PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A ROSE-BUD.

I.

Accept this flow'ret, youthful maid,
Emblem and pledge of love, from me ;
Its vermil tints may change and fade,
But not mine ardent love to thee.

II.

Like nature's fix'd, unchanging law,
My love from thee can not depart !
That love must nerve the latest throe,
That rends in death my faithful heart.

III.

Take, then, this pure, untainted flower—
A richer pledge than India's store,
That binds me from this happy hour,
Thy friend and slave, for ever more !

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH MARCH, 1837.

The Birth-day of the Author.

I.

Ah ! fifty years to-day are gone,
Since this world's light first dawn'd upon
These eyes.—In that space, I have seen some change
Wrought in the chequer'd world by time; and strange
Inversions in the state of things—
In rural cots—in courts where kings
Have rul'd with power supreme.—
The change that time or nature brings,
Wakes in the mind a dream
Of shadowy thoughts; and memory's records fill
With notes of strange events, both good and ill.

II.

The toys of childhood youth disdains ;
Of youth's vain follies man complains.
Again, the philosophic sage can shew
The sinful errors of man's life below.
So—this world seems a school of care,
Open'd, that mankind may prepare
For some enlighten'd sphere ;
Aspire to soar in purer air,
And leave his miseries here.
Then ask thy conscience what may yet be done,
To learn true wisdom here beneath the sun.

NOTES.

NOTES.

^a "Melbreak," a tall, conical mountain, whose shadow extends towards the churchyard of Lowswater when the sun approaches the meridian; and, by a stretch of poetical imagination, may shadow the grave of my eldest sister Mary.

^b The fact was as here stated—when I saw Mary die, I sunk into something like a fainting fit.

^c Frederick the Great of Prussia.

^d Voltaire.

^e "From Lostrigg's echoing glens below,
Loud, deep-ton'd growlings strain'd."

The fact was as here stated. The three hounds mentioned in these lines were kept by Pearson; and during the whole night that he died, their howlings were loud and unceasing through the deep glens below his dwelling at Bannock Row, through which the rivulet of Lostrigg runs to the Marron. A singular incident occurred to Will a short period before his death. A female, with whom it was said he ought to have been married, if he had done his own promise and her justice, and who lived at some distance from Will's residence, died. The morning after her decease, when he came down stairs to join the family at breakfast, he told them that F—y was dead. "Dead!" all exclaimed, "who brought the account?" "No one," was the answer; "but I saw her last night, and she spoke to me when I was in bed." "Pooh! nonsense!" "Fact," quoth Will; and immediately after that the clock struck one. Shortly after this, a messenger brought word that the female in question had actually died at one o'clock that morning.

Communicating the substance of the preceding note to a reputable person in the town of Cockermouth, whose character for veracity is unimpeachable, and who is a person of neither a querulous imagination, nor romantic temper, I was told that a brother of his was killed by an accident near Workington, about twenty-five years ago. On the evening on which he died, he was seen, or supposed to be seen, by a sister in Carlisle, who also heard his voice call her by name three times—by a brother at Longtown—by another brother at Penrith—and by himself, who was a fourth, and then residing in the country beyond Penrith. Let schoolmen answer this.

^f “*Blithe Davy now may range forlorn.*”

David Hudart of Great Broughton, a hunting comrade, of little less celebrity than famous Will himself.

^g Also hunting companions of our hero.

^h “*When Curwen, chief of Cumbrian brave.*”

J. C. Curwen, Esq. of Workington Hall, embodied a regiment of volunteers in 1804. A company (of which my father was captain) was raised in the country, at Branthwaite: Will was drill-serjeant of that company. I was in the ranks, and witnessed Will's enthusiasm on every occasion. An idea of the attachment of the men to Will may be formed from the circumstance of their having purchased, by subscription, an elegant green hunting-coat, to compliment him. This coat he held in high veneration, and bequeathed it to David Hudart, when he died.

ⁱ “*Marron's silver stream.*”

The Marron is a small but interesting trout-stream, that runs through Branthwaite. The margin of the Marron, at Ullock, Branthwaite, and at Bridgefoot and Clifton, has often witnessed Will, in all his glory, at the athletic sports and exercises, which were much in vogue among the rustic youth of that day. Will was a first-rate runner; at jumping, second-rate; at wrestling, only third or fourth-rate, although he occasionally threw first-rate men—being six feet high—by haming. At such meetings, however, Will's urbanity, veracity, temper, and judgment, made him a great favourite; and I have witnessed many a turbulent broil end without a general fight, through Will's judicious interference.

^k Pearson's place of residence.

¹ Loch Kinder, a small clear lake on the mountain of Crefell, in Scotland.

^m A favourite spaniel of the poet's.

ⁿ Sewell died at Quebec, in North America, where he had emigrated for the benefit of his health, and was interred there.

^o See Gen. chap. vi. verses 1 and 2.

^q "*Hollin's wood*," a wood well known upon the Branthwaite Hall estate, whose appearance marks it as having been coeval with the wild forest state of the country.

^r "*Calva's round-topp'd hill*," a singular conical eminence near to Branthwaite Hall.

^s "*Castle's green*." In the north-east corner of a field upon the glebe estate of Dean, near Branthwaite Hall, called Green Castle, something like the remains of a castle and moat appear, though evidently of very remote origin.

^t "*Old Ewelock dale, and Storebank's lonely wood*,"

Were similar to Hollin's wood; but of these much have been cleared away, making room for the plough.

^v "*Harry Gill*," a deep ravine near the junction of the Derwent and the Marron, below Clifton, thickly covered with timber and under-wood, and well adapted for sheltering the marauding parties of those days.

^w "*A valiant band the warrior chieftain led*."

A band is here enumerated, beyond what strict historical truth will allow, to Skelton; but he certainly mustered a small band, when summoned upon the service of the Borders; and their numbers are stated in authentic records of that time. Poetical licence is the only apology for this and similar other liberties which are taken by the author in various parts of this poem.

^x "*Barnkin*," the outermost ward of a Castle or Hall, within which were the barns, cattle-sheds, stables, granaries, &c.

^y "*Copeland forest*." "Randolph de Meschines, out of the grant of Cumberland by the Conqueror to him, gave to his brother William, the great barony or forest of Copeland—a goodly, great forest, full of woods, red and fallow deer, wild swine, and all manner of wild beasts; lying between the rivers Duddon and Derwent to the sea."—DENTON,

* "*Millom Thane.*" I have taken my heroic chief from the Millom family of Huddleston, as being most prominent, of the most ancient genealogy, and most immediately connected with the district of Copeland. The family were of the ancient nobility before the Conquest, and seated in Yorkshire. The first Huddleston, lord of Millom, was Sir John Huddleston, who took it with his wife Joan, heiress of Adam de Bayvell, in the reign of Henry III. For the pedigree of the lords of Millom, see Hutchinson's History of Cumberland, vol. 1st, page 527.

aa "*Ponsonby.*" The ancestor of the Ponsonbys came into England with the Conqueror from Picardy, and finally settled at Hail.

bb "*Thornholm,*" a farming district now in the valley of the Calder.

cc "*Scalderscaw,*" another farming district, farther up the banks of the same river.

dd "*Far Thwaite,*" a tenement on the opposite bank of the same woody valley. The last wild cat seen in the forest was killed by the owner of this estate, Mr. Henry Steel of Far Thwaite. For a long period it had been the destroyer of young lambs and poultry—sheltering itself, and evading all pursuit, by burrowing among the rocks of the mountain.

ee "*Bleng Tongue Hill,*" a green hill, sloping towards the valley of the Bleng—a mountain stream that flows through Gosforth to the river Irt.

ff "*Dent,*" a low mountain or fell, situated within the parishes of Egremont and Cleator, from the top of which you descend into the valley of Hail, in the direct line from Branthwaite Hall.

gg "*By her long neck she hangs from yonder tower.*"

The absolute and despotic rule of the feudal lords over their vassals is well known and authenticated, however harsh and grating such threatenings as these may sound in modern ears. In those days, the lord's order was law within the boundary of his own district, without any appeal to his vassals.

hh "*Crow-park,*" a wood-covered field adjoining the Hall, where was a large rookery.

ii "*Whitehow-head,*" a farm tenement on the Hall estate, on the side of the vale opposite to the Hall.

kk "*Tortlay*," another tenement, situated upon an eminence higher up, towards Dent.

ll "*Calder*," a river well known in the west.

mm "*Side wood*," a wood celebrated for game of various kinds.

nn "*Will Pearson's Cæsar*." Pearson of Bannock Row.

oo "*Joe Bank's Dido*." Joseph Bank of Lowswater.

pp "*Cawfell and the Grains*." Cawfell is a well-known high mountain in Copeland forest. The Grains are three mountain streams, that flow in rocky channels from different parts of the mountain, and unite in the valley below.

qq "*Tom Moody*," a veteran well known in the annals of sporting. Tom was principal huntsman to George Forrester, Esq. of Wooley Hall, near Rockwood, in Shropshire, and breathed his last on the field. His dying request was, that he might be buried as described in the text, which was complied with by all his companions.

rr "*The eagle*." The sea eagle, and the cinereous or white-tailed eagle, at the time of the poem, were indigenous to the mountain districts of Cumberland.

ss "*Brownny Edge*," a mountain in Wasdale.

tt "*Where nine sons late had grac'd the family board*."

The nine sons here alluded to lived at a later period of this family's history, viz. "a Sir William Huddleston, who held the manor, and eight brothers—John, colonel of dragoons; Ferdinand, a major of foot; Richard, a lieutenant-colonel of foot, slain at York; Ralph, a captain of foot; Robert, a captain of foot; Ingleby, a captain of foot; Joseph, a captain of horse; and Edward, a major of foot. All of these, but the two first mentioned, died without issue."—*History of Cumberland*.

uu "*Harry of Monmouth*," Henry V., king of England.

xx "*Scot's Croft*." "In a large enclosure at Whicham Hall, now the estate of the Earl of Lonsdale, tradition says a bloody battle was fought between the English and Scots—the place to this day being called Scot's Croft."—*Hutchinson's History of Cumberland*.

yy "*Swinside*." "In the neighbourhood of Millom, at a place called Swinside, is a small but beautiful druidical monument. It is composed of

stones standing from six to eight feet high—is circular—and about twenty yards diameter.”—*History of Cumberland*.

= “*Kirk Sancton's sunken kirns.*” “At a place called Kirk Sancton, is a small tumulus, on the summit of which are two huge stones pitched end-wise, eight or nine feet in height, and about fifteen feet asunder. Nearly adjoining to this monument, several other large stones lately stood, placed in a rude manner.”—*History of Cumberland*.

CHARLES THURNAM, PRINTER, CARLISLE.



